FIESCO;

OR THE

GENOESE CONSPIRACY:

A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE ROBBERS, &c.

BY

G. H. N. AND J. S.

Nam id facinus in primis ego memorabile exiſtumo, ſceleris atque periculi novitate.

SALLUST. De Bel. Catil.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publiſhers of the following Tranſlation think it incumbent upon them to ſtate, that it is the joint production of two perſons, the one by birth a German, the other a native of England. By their united efforts they thought it moſt likely to attain that accuracy in Tranſlation, which can only ariſe from a ſtrict obſervation of the ſpirit and idioms of both languages. To a deficiency in this point it muſt undoubtedly be aſcribed, that we meet with ſo few Tranſlations, which are what they ought to be, viz. faithful copies of their Originals. The context, and narration are, in general, the chief objects attended to; but the particu-

lar turns of the Author's mind and language, which moſt deciſively mark the character of his ſtyle and genius, are frequently neglected, in the ſame degree as they are difficult to be diſcriminated and conveyed in a Tranſlation. It is not eaſy to do entire Juſtice to ſuch a Writer as SCHILLER: his imagination ſometimes confounds the perſpicuity of interpretation; and his conceptions often defy the power of language. Some of his dramatic productions have already been preſented to the Engliſh reader; the ROBBERS in particular, has acquired a great degree of popularity: and it has been the endeavor of the Tranſlators of the preſent Tragedy, not to weaken the Author's claim to the Approbation of the Public, by their inaccuracy or negligence.

PREFACE

BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE chief ſources from which I have drawn the Hiſtory of this Conſpiracy are, Cardinal de Retz's *Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fieſque*, the *Hiſtoire des Gènes*, and the third vol. of *Robertſon's Hiſtory of Charles the Fifth.*

The liberties which I have taken with the hiſtorical facts, will be excuſed, if I have ſucceeded in my attempt; and if not, it is better that my failure ſhould appear in the effuſions of fancy, than in the delineation of truth. Some deviation from the real cataſtrophe of the conſpiracy, (according to

which, the Count accidentally periſhed* when his ſchemes were nearly ripe for execution) was rendered neceſſary by the nature of the Drama, which does not allow the interpoſition either of chance, or of a particular providence. It would be matter of ſurpriſe to me that this ſubject has never been adopted by any tragic writer, did not the circumſtances of its concluſion, ſo unfit for dramatic repreſentation, afford a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a neglect. Beings of a SUPERIOR nature may diſcriminate the fineſt links of that chain, which connects an individual action with the ſyſtem of the univerſe, and may perhaps behold them extended to the utmoſt limits of time, paſt and future; but man ſeldom ſees more than the

* Fieſco, after having ſucceeded in the chief objects of his undertaking, happened to fall into the ſea, whilſt haſtening to quell ſome diſturbances on board of a veſſel in the harbour; the weight of his armour rendered his ſtruggles ineffectual, and he periſhed. The deviation from hiſtory in the Tragedy might have been carried farther, and would perhaps have rendered it more ſuitable to dramatic repreſentation. T—

ſimple facts, diveſted of their various relations of cauſe and effect. The writer, therefore, muſt adapt his performance to the ſhort ſightedneſs of human nature, which he would enlighten; and not to the penetration of Omniſcience, from which all intelligence is derived.

In my Tragedy of the Robbers it was my object to delineate the victim of an extravagant Senſibility; here I endeavor to paint the reverſe, a victim of Art and Cabal. But, however ſtrongly marked in the page of hiſtory the unfortunate project of Fieſco may appear, on the ſtage it may perhaps prove leſs intereſting. If it be true, that ſenſibility alone awakens ſenſibility, we may from thence conclude, that the political hero is ſo much the leſs calculated for dramatic repreſentation, the more neceſſary it is to lay aſide the feelings of a man, in order to become a political hero.

It was, therefore, impoſſible for me to breathe into my fable that glowing life, which

animates the pure productions of poetical inſpiration; but in order to render the cold and ſterile actions of the Politician capable of affecting the human heart, I was obliged to ſeek a clue to thoſe actions, in the human heart itſelf. I was obliged to blend together the Man and the Politician, and to draw from the refined intrigues of ſtate, ſituations intereſting to humanity. The relations which I bear to ſociety, are ſuch as unfold to me more of the heart than of the cabinet: and perhaps this very political defect, may have become a poetical excellence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDREAS DORIA, Duke of Genoa, a venerable old man, of eighty years of age, retaining the traces of a high ſpirit: the chief features in his character are dignity, and a rigid brevity in command.

GIANETTINO DORIA, Nephew of the former, and pretender to the Ducal power, twenty-ſix years of age, rough and forbidding in his addreſs, deportment and manners, with a vulgar pride, and diſguſting features.

N. B. Both the Dorias wear ſcarlet.

FIESCO, Count of Lavagna, chief of the conſpiracy, a tall, handſome young man of twenty-three years of age; his character is that of dignified pride, and majeſtic affability, with courtly complaiſance and deceitfulneſs.

N. B. All the nobles wear black, and the dreſs is entirely in the old German ſtyle.

VERRINA, a determined republican, ſixty years of age; grave, auſtere, and inflexible: a marked character.

BOURGOGNINO, a conſpirator, a youth of twenty; frank and high-ſpirited; proud, haſty and undiſguiſed.

CALCAGNO, a conſpirator, a worn-out debauchee of thirty; inſinuating and enterpriſing.

SACCO, a conſpirator, forty-five years of age, with no diſtinguiſhing trait of character.

LOMELLINO, in the confidence of the pretender, a haggard courtier.

ZENTURIONE,
ZIBO,
ASSERATO. } Malcontents.

ROMANO, a painter, frank and ſimple, with the pride of genius.

MULEY HASSAN, a Moor of Tunis, an abandoned character, with a phyſiognomy diſplaying an original mixture of raſcality and humour.

A GERMAN of the Ducal body guard, of an honeſt ſimplicity, and ſteady bravery.

THREE SEDITIOUS CITIZENS.

LEONORA, the wife of Fieſco, eighteen years of age, of great ſenſibility; her appearance pale and ſlender, engaging, but not dazzling; her countenance marked with melancholy; her dreſs black.

JULIA, Counteſs dowager IMPERIALI, ſiſter of the younger Doria, aged twenty-five; a proud coquette, in perſon tall and full, her beauty ſpoiled by affectation, with a ſarcaſtic maliciouſneſs in her countenance; her dreſs black.

BERTHA, daughter of Verrina, an innocent girl.

ROSA, } Maids of Leonora.
ARABELLA, }

Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves.

SCENE, GENOA.—TIME, the Year 1547.

FIESCO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in FIESCO'S *Houſe. The diſtant Sound of Dancing and Muſic is heard.*

LEONORA, *maſk'd, and attended by* ROSA *and* ARABELLA, *enters haſtily.*

Leonora.

(*Tears off her maſk*) Say no more—not a word more. It is as clear as day. (*She throws herſelf into a chair*) This quite overcomes me—

Arabella.

My lady!

Leonora.

(*Riſing*) What, before my eyes! with a known coquet! and in the ſight of the whole nobility

of Genoa. (*much affected*) Roſa—Arabella—before my weeping eyes.

Roſa.

Conſider it only as a piece of gallantry. It was no more.

Leonora.

Gallantry! What! Their buſy interchange of looks—the anxious watching of each other's glances—the kiſs eagerly and long imprinted on her naked arm, its fervor marked by a deep ſpot of glowing crimſon. Ah, and the tranſport that enwrap'd his ſoul, when with fixed eyes he ſate like *painted ecſtaſy*; as if the world around him were blown away, and nought remained in the eternal void, but him and Julia. Gallantry! Poor thing! Thou haſt never loved. Think not that thou canſt teach me to diſtinguiſh gallantry from love.

Roſa.

No matter, Madam—to loſe a huſband is to gain ten lovers.

Leonora.

To loſe!—Is this ſlight ſhock of ſenſibility a proof that I have loſt Fieſco? Go, hateful ſlanderer! Never again appear before me! 'Twas an innocent frolic—perhaps a piece of gallantry—Say, my dear Arabella, was it not ſo?

Arabella.

Doubtleſs it was, Madam.

Leonora.

(*In a reverie*) Is it ſo? Does ſhe then know herſelf the miſtreſs of his heart? Does her name lurk in his inmoſt thoughts, meet him in every movement of his mind?—What ideas are theſe? Whither will they lead me? Can it be, that this beauteous majeſtic world is to him nothing but the precious diamond, whereon her image—her image only is engraved? Love her! Love Julia! Oh! Your arm—ſupport me, Arabella!

(*A pauſe, Muſic is again heard*)

Leonora.

(*Starting*) Hark! Was not that Fieſco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither? Can he laugh, while his Leonora weeps in ſolitude? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarſe loud voice of Gianettino.

Arabella.

It was, Signora—but, come into another apartment.

Leonora.

You change colour, Arabella—you are falſe. In your eyes, in the looks of all the inhabitants of

Genoa, I read a ſomething—a ſomething which—(*hiding her face*) oh, certainly they know more than a wife's ear ſhould be acquainted with!

Roſa.

Ah, how does jealouſy magnify every trifle!

Leonora.

(*With a melancholy enthuſiaſm*) When he was ſtill Fieſco, when in the orange-grove, where we damſels walked, I ſaw him—a blooming Apollo matured into the manly beauty of Antinous!—Such was his noble and ſublime deportment, as if the illuſtrious ſtate of Genoa reſted alone upon his youthful ſhoulders. Our eyes ſtole trembling glances at him, and ſhrunk back, as if with conſcious guilt, whenever they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah Arabella, how we devoured thoſe looks! with what anxious envy did every one count thoſe that were directed to her companions! they fell among us, like the golden apple of diſcord—tender eyes burned more fiercely—ſoft boſoms beat more wildly—jealouſy burſt aſunder all our bonds of friendſhip—

Arabella.

I remember it well. All the females of Genoa were in a tumult of contention for a prize ſo beauteous.

Leonora.

(*Enraptured*) And now to call him mine! giddy, wondrous fortune!—to call the boaſt of Genoa mine! (*with pleaſure*) who from the chiſſel of the exhauſtleſs artiſt, Nature, ſprang forth all-perfect, combining every greatneſs of his ſex in the moſt lovely union. Hear me, damſels! I can no longer conceal it—hear me! I confide to you ſomething (*with a look of ſecreſy*)—a thought—when I ſtood at the altar with Fieſco, his hand laid in mine, a thought, too daring for woman, ruſhed acroſs me. "This Fieſco, whoſe hand now lies in thine—thy Fieſco"—But huſh! leſt any one ſhould hear us thus boaſting of my huſband—"This, thy Fieſco"—ah, why can you not ſhare my feelings!—"will free Genoa from its tyrants."—

Arabella.

(*Aſtoniſhed*) And this thought came to a female mind amid the nuptial ceremonies?

Leonora.

Yes, my Arabella,—well may'ſt thou be aſtoniſhed—to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal day. (*More animated*) I am a woman, but I feel the nobleneſs of my blood. I cannot bear to ſee theſe proud Dorias thus overtop our family.

The good old Andreas—it is a pleaſure to eſteem him—may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity; but Gianettino is his nephew—his heir—And Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles before him, and Fieſco (*much affected*) Fieſco—weep with me, damſels!—loves his ſiſter.

Arabella.

Alas, my wretched miſtreſs!

Leonora.

Go now, and ſee this demi-god of Genoa, amid the ſhameleſs circles of debauchery and luſt! hear the vile jeſts and wanton ribaldry with which he entertains his baſe companions! that is Fieſco—ah, damſels, not only Genoa has loſt its hero, but I have loſt my huſband—

Roſa.

Speak lower! ſomebody is coming through the gallery.

Leonora.

(*With ſudden alarm*) 'Tis Fieſco—let us haſten away—the ſight of me might for a moment interrupt his happineſs—

(*She haſtens into a ſide-apartment. The maids follow her.*)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO DORIA *maſked, in a green Cloak, and* THE MOOR, *enter in Converſation.*

Gianettino.

Thou haſt underſtood what I have been ſaying?—

Moor.

Well—

Gianettino.

The white maſk—

Moor.

Well—

Gianettino.

I ſay, the *white* maſk—

Moor.

Well—well—well—

Gianettino.

Doſt thou mark me? Direct it *here*—(*pointing to his breaſt.*)

Moor.

Give yourſelf no concern.

Gianettino.

And let the blow be hard.

Moor.

He ſhall be ſatisfied.

Gianettino.

(*Maliciouſly*) That the poor Count may not have long to ſuffer.

Moor.

With your leave, Sir, a word—at what weight do you eſtimate his head?

Gianettino.

At the weight of an hundred ſequins—

Moor.

(*Blowing through his fingers*) Poh! as light as a feather.

Gianettino.

What art thou muttering there?

Moor.

I was ſaying, it is light work.

Gianettino.

That is thy concern—He is a loadſtone that attracts around it all the ſeditious fellows in the ſtate—Mark me, Sirrah!—let thy blow be ſure—

Moor.

But Sir, I muſt to Venice, immediately after the deed.

Gianettino.

Then take my thanks beforehand. (*He throws*

him a bank note.) In three days, at fartheſt, he muſt be cold. [*Exit.*

Moor.

(*Picking up the note*) Well, this is ſurely dealing upon credit, to truſt the ſimple word of ſuch a rogue as I am. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

CALCAGNO, *behind him* SACCO, *both in black Cloaks.*

Calcagno.

I perceive thou watcheſt all my ſteps.

Sacco.

And I obſerve thou wiſheſt to conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! for ſome weeks paſt I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They beſpeak a different ſecret than that which concerns the intereſts of our country. Brother, I ſhould think that we might mutually exchange our confidence without a loſs on either ſide. What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be ſincere?

Calcagno.

So truly, that thou ſhalt not need to dive into the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul: my heart ſhall fly half way to meet thee on my tongue—I love the counteſs of Fieſco.

Sacco.

(Steps back with aſtoniſhment) That, at leaſt, I ſhould not have diſcovered, had I made all poſſibilities paſs in review before me. Thy choice itſelf my mind is tortured to account for; but its ſucceſs would overwhelm me with aſtoniſhment.

Calcagno.

They ſay, ſhe is a pattern of the ſtricteſt virtue.

Sacco.

They lie. She is the whole volume on the text of abſurdity. Calcagno, thou muſt chooſe one or the other—either to give up thy heart, or thy profeſſion.

Calcagno.

The Count is faithleſs to her; and of all the arts that may ſeduce a woman, the ſubtleſt is jealouſy. A plot againſt the Dorias will at the ſame time occupy the Count, and give me eaſy acceſs to his houſe. Thus, while the ſhepherd guards againſt the wolf, the fox ſhall unobſerved make havock of the poultry.

Sacco.

Incomparable brother! receive my thanks! a bluſh is now ſuperfluous, and I can tell thee openly what juſt now I was half aſhamed to think. I am a beggar if the government be not ſoon overturned.

Calcagno.

What, are thy debts ſo great?

Sacco.

So immenſe, that even one tenth of them would more than ſwallow up ten times my income. A convulſion of the ſtate will give me breath, and if it do not cancel all my debts, at leaſt 'twill ſtop the mouths of bawling creditors.

Calcagno.

I underſtand thee: and if, amidſt this buſtle, Genoa ſhould chance to become free, Sacco will be hail'd his country's ſaviour. Let no one trick out to me the thread-bare tale of honeſty, when I ſee the fate of empires hang upon the bankruptcy of a prodigal, and the luſt of a debauchee. By Heaven, Sacco, this looks like Providence, to heal the corruptions in the heart of the ſtate by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy deſign unfolded to Verrina?

Sacco.

As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knoweſt his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fieſco, and he has half conceived a hope of thee to join the bold conſpiracy.

Calcagno.

Oh he's ſagacious! Come, let's ſeek for him, and blow up the flame of liberty within his breaſt by our accordant ſpirit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

JULIA, *agitated with Anger, and* FIESCO, *in a white Maſk, following her.*

Julia.

My ſervants!—footmen!—

Fieſco.

Counteſs, whither are you going?—What do you intend?—

Julia.

Nothing—nothing at all.—(*enter ſervants*) —Let my carriage draw up—

Fieſco.

Pardon me, it muſt not—You are offended—

Julia.

Oh by no means—Away—you tear my dreſs to pieces.—Offended! Who is here that can offend me? Go, pray go—

Fieſco.

(*Upon one knee*) Not till you tell me, what impertinent—

Julia.

(*Stands ſtill, in an haughty attitude*)—Fine!—This is very fine.—It ſhould be beheld.—Oh, that the Counteſs of Lavagna might be called to view this charming ſcene! How, Count! is this like a huſband! This poſture would ſuit well the chamber of your wife, when ſhe turns over the journal of your careſſes, and finds a break in the accounts. Riſe Sir, and ſeek thoſe to whom your ſervices may prove more acceptable.—Riſe—unleſs you think your gallantries will excuſe your wife's impertinence.

Fieſco.

(*Jumping up*) Impertinence! To you?

Julia.

To break up! To puſh away her chair! To turn her back upon the table—on that table, Count, where I was ſitting—

Fieſco.

'Tis inexcuſable.

Julia.

And is that all? O admirably played! Am I, then, to blame, becauſe the Count ſees with diſcerning eyes?

Fieſco.

If they are dazzled, Madam, 'tis only by your beauty.

Julia.

Away with compliment where honor is concerned—Count, I inſiſt on ſatisfaction—Where ſhall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?

Fieſco.

Find it in the arms of love—Of love, that would repair the offence of jealouſy.

Julia.

Jealouſy! Poor thing! What would ſhe wiſh for? (*admiring herſelf in the glaſs*) Is it not compliment enough, when I declare her taſte my own? (*haughtily*) Doria, and Fieſco!—If Doria's niece approve the Counteſs of Lavagna's choice, it is ſufficient honor. (*In a friendly tone, offering the Count her hand to kiſs*) Count, ſuppoſe I ſhould approve it?

Fieſco.

(*With animation*) Cruel Counteſs! Thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that reſpect is all I ought to feel for you. My reaſon bids me bend a ſubject's knee before the race of Doria; but my heart adores the beauteous Julia—My love is criminal, but 'tis heroic, for it overleaps the boundaries of rank, and ſoars toward the ſun of majeſty.

Julia.

O ill-contrived excuſe! Whilſt his tongue

deifies me, his heart beats beneath the picture of another.

Fieſco.

Rather ſay, it beats indignantly againſt it, and would ſhake off the odious burthen. *(Taking the picture of* LEONORA *which is ſuſpended by a ſky-blue ribband from his breaſt, amd delivering it to* JULIA.) Place your own image on that altar, and you will inſtantly annihilate this idol.

Julia.

(Pleaſed, puts by the picture haſtily) This ſacrifice indeed deſerves my thanks—So, my ſlave, henceforth bear the badge of your ſervice. *(Hangs her own picture about his neck—and exit.)*

Fieſco.

(With tranſport.) Julia loves me—Julia—I would not envy even a God. *(exulting)* Let this night outdo the pleaſures of the Gods. Joy ſhall attain its ſummit. Ho! within there! *(Servants come running in.)* See that the floor drink Cyprian nectar—Let the ſtrains of muſic rouſe midnight from her leaden ſlumber—Let a thouſand burning lamps mock out the morning ſun—Let pleaſure reign ſupreme—and let the Bacchanal dance ſo wildly beat the ground, that the dark kingdom of the ſhades below may tremble at the uproar!——*(Exit haſtily—A noiſy allegro, during which the back ſcene opens, and diſcovers a grand il-*

luminated ſaloon, many maſks dancing—At the ſide, drinking and playing tables, ſurrounded with company—)

SCENE V.

GIANETTINO, *almoſt intoxicated,* LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, *all maſked.—Several other Nobles and Ladies.*

Gianettino.

(In a noiſy manner.) Bravo! Bravo! Theſe wines glide down charmingly.—The dancers perform à merveille.—Go one of you, and publiſh it throughout Genoa, that I am in good humour, and that every one may enjoy himſelf. By my birth, this day ſhall be marked in the calendar as fortunate, and under it ſhall be written—To day the Prince was merry.—

(The gueſts lift their glaſſes to their mouths—A general toaſt of "The Republic." — Sound of trumpets.)

Gianettino.

The Republic! *(throwing his glaſs violently on the ground).* There lie its fragments.

(Three black maſks ſuddenly riſe, and collect about GIANETTINO*).*

Lomellino.

(Supporting GIANETTINO *on his arm).* My Lord,

you lately ſpoke of a young girl, whom you ſaw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

Gianettino.

I did, my lad! and I muſt know her further.

Lomellino.

That I can manage for your Grace.

Gianettino.

(With vehemence). Can you? Can you?—Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorſhip.—You ſhall have it.—

Lomellino.

Gracious Prince, it is the ſecond dignity in the ſtate, more than threeſcore noblemen ſeek it, and all of them more wealthy and honorable than your Grace's humble ſervant.—

Gianettino.

(*Indignantly*)—By the name of Doria, you ſhall be procurator—*(the three maſks come forward)*—What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their anceſtry and honors into the ſcale, one hair from the white beard of my old uncle will make it kick the beam.—It is my will—You *ſhall* be procurator.—That's ſufficient to bear down the votes of the whole ſenate.

Lomellino.

(In a low voice) The damſel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

Gianettino.

The girl is pretty, and in ſpite of all the devils in hell, I muſt poſſeſs her.

Lomellino.

What, my Lord! the only child of the moſt obſtinate of the republican party?

Gianettino.

What care I for your republicans? Shall I have my paſſion thwarted by the anger of a vaſſal? 'Tis as vain as to expect the Tower ſhould fall, when boys pelt it with muſcle-ſhells. *(The three black maſks ſtep nearer with great emotion.)* What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his ſcars in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew ſhould court the favor of theſe vile citizens? By the name of Doria they ſhall ſwallow this fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which the liberty of Genoa ſhall breathe its laſt. *(The three maſks ſtep back in diſguſt.)*

Lomellino.

The damſel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of thoſe three maſks.

Gianettino.

Excellent! Bring me inſtantly to her.—

Lomellino.

You expect perhaps to meet a girl of light deportment, but you will ſee a woman of ſenſibility.

Gianettino.

Force is the beſt rhetoric—Lead me to her—Would I could ſee that republican dog that durſt attack the bear Doria—(*going, meets* FIESCO *at the door)* Where is the Counteſs?

SCENE VI.

FIESCO, *and the Former.*

Fieſco.

I have handed her to her carriage—(*takes* GIANETTINO's *hand, and preſſes it to his breaſt)* Prince, I am now doubly your ſlave. To you I bow, as ſovereign of Genoa—to your lovely ſiſter, as miſtreſs of my heart.

Lomellino.

Fieſco is become a mere votary of pleaſure. The great world has loſt much in you.

Fieſco.

But in giving up the world, I have loſt no-

thing. To live is to dream, and to dream pleaſantly is to be wiſe. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of government creak inceſſantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving boſom of an enamoured woman?—Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fieſco ſhall devote himſelf to love.—

Gianettino.

Let us depart, Lomellino. It is near midnight. The time draws near—Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment—I have been ſatisfied.—

Fieſco.

That, Prince, is all that I can wiſh.

Gianettino.

Then good night! To morrow we have a party at the palace, and Fieſco is invited—Come, procurator!

Fieſco.

Ho! Lights there!—Muſic!—

Gianettino.

(*Haughtily, ruſhing through the three maſks.*) Make way there for Doria!

One of the three Maſks.

(*Murmuring indignantly*) Make way?—In hell—Never in Genoa.

The Gueſts.

(*In motion*) The Prince is going—Good night, Lavagna!—(*they depart.*)

SCENE VII.

The three black Maſks and FIESCO.

(*A pauſe.*)

Fieſco.

I perceive ſome gueſts here who do not ſhare the pleaſure of the feaſt.

Maſks.

(*Murmuring to each other with indignation*) No. Not one of us.

Fieſco.

(*In an obliging manner.*) Is it poſſible, that my attention ſhould have been wanting to any one of my gueſts? Quick, ſervants! Let the muſic be renewed, and fill the goblets high! I would not that any one of my friends ſhould find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuſe you with fireworks? Would you chuſe to ſee the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleaſed to join the females. Or ſhall we ſit down to faro, and paſs the time in play?

A Maſk.

We are accuſtomed to ſpend it in action.

Fieſco.

A manly anſwer! Such as beſpeaks Verrina.

Verrina.

(*Unmaſking*) Fieſco can more eaſily diſcover his friends beneath their maſks, than they can find out him beneath his diſguiſe.

Fieſco.

I underſtand you not.—But what means that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fieſco know not the loſs?

Verrina.

Mournful tales ill ſuit Fieſco's joyful feaſts.

Fieſco.

But if a friend—(*preſſing his hand warmly*) Friend of my ſoul! For whom muſt we both mourn?

Verrina.

Both?—Both?—Oh, 'tis too true we both have ſuffered—and yet not all ſons lament their mother.

Fieſco.

'Tis long ſince your mother was mingled with the duſt.—

Verrina.

(*With an earneſt look.*) Did not Fieſco call me brother, becauſe we both were ſons of the ſame country?

Fieſco.

(*Jocoſely*) Oh, is it only that? You meant then but to jeſt? The mourning dreſs is worn for Genoa! True, ſhe lies indeed in her laſt agonies. The thought is new and ſingular. Our couſin begins to be a wit.

Verrina.

Fieſco! I ſpoke moſt ſeriouſly.

Fieſco.

Certainly—certainly—That is the reaſon that you ſpoke with ſo grave an air. A jeſt loſes its point, when he who makes it is the firſt to laugh.—But you! You looked like a mute at a funeral. Who could have thought that the auſtere Verrina ſhould in his old age become ſuch a wag?

Sacco.

Come, Verrina.—He never will be ours.—

Fieſco.

Let us enjoy ourſelves—Let us act the part of the cunning heir who walks in the funeral proceſſion with loud lamentations, laughing to

himſelf the while, under the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true, we may be troubled with a harſh ſtep-mother.--Be it ſo—we let her ſcold, and follow our own pleaſures.

Verrina.

(*With great emotion.*) Heaven, and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is become of you, Fieſco! Where am I to ſeek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time when but to ſee a crown would have been torture to you. —O degraded ſon of the republic! By Heaven, I would ſpurn immortality, if time could ſo wear out my ſoul.

Fieſco.

O rigid cenſor!—Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or ſell it to the robbers of Tunis. Why ſhould it trouble us? We will revel in floods of Cyprian wine, and taſte the ſweet careſſes of our fair ones.

Verrina.

(*Looking at him with earneſtneſs.*) Are theſe your ſerious thoughts?

Fieſco.

Why ſhould they not, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleaſure to be the foot of that many-leg'd monſter, a republic? No—thanks be to him who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their

functions. Let Gianettino be the duke, affairs of ſtate ſhall never lie heavy on our heads.

Verrina.

Fieſco! Is that your real meaning?

Fieſco.

Andreas adopts his nephew as a ſon, and heir of his eſtates, what madman then will diſpute with him the inheritance of his power?

Verrina.

(*With great indignation*) Away, then, Genoeſe! *leaves* FIESCO *haſtily, the reſt follow.*)

Fieſco.

Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as ſteel!

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. A MASK.

Maſk.

Have you a minute or two to ſpare, Lavagna?

Fieſco.

(*In an obliging manner*) An hour, if you requeſt it.

Maſk.

Then condeſcend to walk into the fields with me.

Fieſco.

It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

Maſk.

Walk with me, Count, I pray—

Fieſco.

I will order my carriage—

Maſk.

That is uſeleſs—I ſhall ſend one horſe, we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

Fieſco.

(*With ſurprize*) What ſay you?

Maſk.

A bloody anſwer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

Fieſco.

What tear?

Maſk.

A tear ſhed by the Counteſs of Lavagna—I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know, how ſhe has merited to be ſacrificed to a worthleſs woman?

Fieſco.

I underſtand you now; but let me aſk, who 'tis that offers ſuch a challenge?

Maſk.

It is the ſame that once adored the lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fieſco.

Fieſco.

Scipio Bourgognino!

Bourgognino.

(*Unmaſking*) And who now ſtands here to vindicate his honor that yielded to a rival baſe enough to tyrannize over innocence.

Fieſco.

(*Embraces him with ardor*) Noble youth! thanks to the ſufferings of my conſort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your ſoul; I admire your generous indignation—but I refuſe your challenge.

Bourgognino.

(*Stepping back with aſtoniſhment*) Does Fieſco tremble to encounter the firſt efforts of my ſword?

Fieſco.

No, Bourgognino! againſt a nation's power combined, I would boldly venture, but not againſt you. The fire of your valour is endeared to me by a ſtill dearer object—The will deſerves a laurel; but the deed would be childiſh.

Bourgognino.

(*With emotion*) Childiſh, Count! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis manly to revenge them.

Fieſco.

Well ſaid—but fight I will not.

Bourgognino.

(*Turning from him contemptuouſly*) Count, I ſhall deſpiſe you.

Fieſco.

(*With animation*) By heaven, youth, that thou ſhalt never do—not even if virtue fall in value, ſhall I become a bankrupt. (*taking him by the hand, with a look of earneſtneſs*) Did you ever feel for me—what ſhall I ſay—reſpect?

Bourgognino.

Had I not thought you were the firſt of men, I ſhould not have yielded to you.

Fieſco.

Then, my friend, be not ſo forward to deſpiſe a man who once could merit your reſpect. It is not always that the eye of the youthful artiſt can comprehend the maſter's vaſt deſign. Retire, Bourgognino, and take time to weigh the motives of Fieſco's conduct!

[*Exit* BOURGOGNINO *in ſilence.*

Go! noble youth! if ſpirits ſuch as thine break out in flames againſt the government, let the Dorias ſee that they ſtand faſt.

SCENE IX.

FIESCO. THE MOOR *entering with an Appearance of Timidity, and looking round cautiouſly.*

Fieſco.

(*Fixing on him a piercing look*) What would'ſt thou have? who art thou?

Moor.

(*As above*) A ſlave of the republic.

Fieſco.

Slavery is a wretched ſtate, (*keeping his eyes attentively upon him*) What doſt thou want?

Moor.

Sir—I am an honeſt man.

Fieſco.

Well may'ſt thou aſſume this veil, it may not be ſuperfluous—but, what would'ſt thou have!

Moor.

(*Approaching him*—FIESCO *draws back*) Sir, I am no villain.

Fieſco.

'Tis well that thou ſay'ſt that—and yet—'tis not well either—(*impatiently*) What doſt thou ſeek?

Moor.

(*Still approaching*) Are you the Count Lavagna?

Fieſco.

(*Haughtily*) The blind in Genoa know my ſteps—what would'ſt thou with the Count?

Moor.

Be on your guard, Lavagna! (*cloſe to him*)

Fieſco.

(*Paſſing haſtily to the other ſide*) That, indeed, I am.

Moor.

(*Again approaching*) Evil deſigns are formed againſt you, Count.

Fieſco.

(*Retreating*) That I perceive.

Moor.

Beware of Doria!

Fieſco.

(*Approaching him with an air of confidence*) Perhaps my ſuſpicions have wronged thee, my friend—Doria is indeed the name I dread.

Moor.

Avoid the man, then—can you read?

Fieſco.

A pleaſant queſtion! Thou haſt known, it ſeems, many of our nobles—what writing haſt thou?

Moor.

Your name inſcribed in the fatal liſt of thoſe who are doom'd to die. (*Preſents a paper and draws cloſe to* FIESCO, *who is ſtanding before a looking-glaſs, and glancing over the paper*—THE MOOR *ſteals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to ſtab*)

Fieſco.

(*Turning round dexterouſly and ſeizing* THE MOOR'S *arm*) Stop, ſcoundrel! (*wreſts the dagger from him*)

Moor.

(*Stamps in a frantic manner*) Damnation!—Pardon!

Fieſco.

Seizing him, calls with a loud voice) Stephano! Drullo! Antonio! (*holding* THE MOOR *by the throat*) Stay, my friend!—what helliſh villainy! (*ſervants enter*) Stay, and anſwer—thou haſt performed thy taſk but badly. Who pays thy wages?

Moor.

(*Reſolutely, after ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to eſcape*) You cannot hang me higher than the gallows are—

Fieſco.

No—be comforted—not on the horns of the moon, but higher than ever yet were gallows—But hold! Thy ſcheme was too politic to be of thy own contrivance: ſpeak, fellow! who hired thee?

Moor.

Think me a raſcal, Sir, but not a fool.

Fieſco.

What, is the ſcoundrel proud? Speak, ſirrah!—Who hired thee?

Moor.

(*To himſelf*) Shall I alone be call'd a fool? Who hired me?—'Twas but a hundred miſerable ſequins—Who hired me, did you aſk?—Prince Gianettino.

Fieſco.

(*Walking about in a paſſion*) A hundred ſequins! And is that the value ſet upon Fieſco's head? Shame on the Prince of Genoa! Here, fellow—(*taking money from a ſcrutoire*) are a thouſand for thee. Tell thy maſter he is a mean aſſaſſin.

(MOOR *looks at him with aſtoniſhment.*)

Fieſco.

What doſt thou gaze at?

(MOOR *takes up the money—lays it down—takes it again, and looks at* FIESCO *with increaſed aſtoniſhment.*)

Fieſco.

What doſt thou mean?

Moor.

(*Throwing the money reſolutely upon the table*) Sir, that money I have not work'd for—I deſerve it not.

Fieſco.

Blockhead, thou haſt deſerved the gallows; but the offended elephant tramples on men, not worms. Thy life hangs on a word of mine—were it of more importance, thou ſhould'ſt die.

Moor.

(*Bowing with an air of pleaſure at his eſcape*) Sir, you are too good—

Fieſco.

What, toward thee! God forbid! No, I am amuſed to think a nod of mine can preſerve or annihilate ſuch petty villains. That 'tis which ſaves thee. Mark my words—I take thy failure as an omen of my future ſucceſs—'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preſerves thy life.

Moor.

(*In a tone of confidence*) Count, your hand! you ſhall find me not ungrateful. If any man in this country has a throat too much—command me, and I'll cut it gratis.

Fieſco.

Obliging ſcoundrel! He would ſhew his gratitude by cutting throats!

Moor.

Men, like me, Sir, receive no favor without acknowledgment. We know what honor is.

Fieſco.

The honor of cut-throats!

Moor.

Is perhaps more to be relied on than that which men of character pretend to. You break your oaths made in the name of God. We keep our's made to the devil.

Fieſco.

Thy villainy amuſes me.

Moor.

I am happy to meet your approbation. Try me—you will find in me a man who is a thorough maſter of his profeſſion. Examine me—

I am verſed in every branch of villainy through all its different degrees.

Fieſco.

So—*(ſeating himſelf)* So—there are laws and ſyſtem then even among thieves. What canſt thou tell me of the loweſt claſs?

Moor.

O Sir, they are petty villains, mere pick-pockets. They are a miſerable ſet. Their trade never produces a man of genius—'tis confined to the whip and workhouſe—and at moſt can lead but to the gallows.

Fieſco.

A noble object! I ſhould like to hear ſomething of a ſuperior claſs.

Moor.

The next are ſpies and informers—tools of importance to the great, who lend their ears to them, and from their ſecret information derive their own ſuppoſed omniſcience. Theſe villains inſinuate themſelves into the ſouls of men like leeches, to ſuck out their ſecrets—they draw poiſon from the heart, and ſpit it forth againſt the very ſource from whence it came.

Fieſco.

I underſtand thee—go on—

Moor.

Then come the conſpirators, villains that deal in poiſon, and bravoes that ruſh upon their victims from ſome ſecret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet they ſell their ſouls to the devil; and even here they are treated ſcurvily. The hand of juſtice binds their limbs to the rack, or plants their cunning heads on ſpikes—this is the third claſs—

Fieſco.

But ſpeak! When comes thy own?

Moor.

Patience, my Lord—that is the very point I'm coming to—already have I paſſed through all the ſtages that I mentioned: my genius ſoon ſoared beyond their limits. 'Twas but laſt night I made my trial in the third—This evening I attempted the fourth—and was a bungler.

Fieſco.

And how do you deſcribe that claſs?

Moor.

(*With energy*) They are men who preſs right onward to their object, cutting their way through danger. They ſtrike at once, and by their firſt ſalute, ſave him whom they approach the trouble of returning thanks for a ſecond. Briefly, they are called the ſwifteſt meſſengers of hell:

and when Beelzebub is hungry, at the firſt hint they ſend his victims to him ſmoking in their blood.

Fieſco.

Thou art a hardened villain—ſuch a tool I want. Give me thy hand—thou ſhalt ſerve me.

Moor.

Do you ſpeak in earneſt or in jeſt?

Fieſco.

Moſt ſeriouſly—and I'll pay thee yearly a thouſand ſequins.

Moor.

Done, Lavagna!—I am your's. Away with common buſineſs—employ me in whatever you will—I'll be your ſetter, or your blood-hound—your fox, your viper—your pimp, or executioner. I'm prepared for all commiſſions—except honeſt ones—in thoſe I am as ſtupid as a block.

Fieſco.

Fear not—I would not ſet the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow, and ſound the temper of the people—Narrowly enquire what they think of the government, and of the houſe of Doria—What of me, my debaucheries, and romantic paſſion. Charge their heads with wine, until their ſecret ſentiments

flow out. Here's money—laviſh it among the manufacturers—

Moor.

Sir!—

Fieſco.

Be not afraid—no honeſty is in the caſe. Go, collect what help thou canſt. To-morrow I will hear thy report. [*Exit.*

Moor.

(*Following*) Rely on me—It is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you ſhall hear as much news as twice ſeventy ſpies can furniſh. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

An Apartment in the Houſe of VERRINA.

BERTHA *on a Couch, ſupporting her Head on her Hand*—VERRINA *enters with a Look of Dejection.*

Bertha.

(*Starts up frightened*) Heavens! He is here!

Verrina.

(*Stops, looking at her with ſurpriſe*) My daughter, affrighted at her father!

Bertha.

Fly! Fly! or let me fly! Father, your ſight is dreadful to me.

Verrina.

Dreadful to my child!—my only child!

Bertha.

No—(*with heavineſs*) you muſt ſeek another—I am no more your daughter.

Verrina.

What, does my tenderneſs diſtreſs you?

Bertha.

It weighs me down to the earth.

Verrina.

How, my daughter! do you receive me thus? Formerly, when I came home, my heart overburdened with the weight of ſorrows, my Bertha meeting me ſmiled them away. Come, embrace me, my daughter! Reclined upon thy glowing boſom, my heart, when chilled by the ſufferings of my country, ſhall grow warm again. Oh, my child, this day I have bidden farewell to all the pleaſures of nature, and thou alone (*ſighing heavily*) remaineſt to me.

Bertha.

(*Caſting a long and earneſt look at him*) Wretched father!

Verrina.

(*Eagerly embracing her*) Bertha! my only child! Bertha! my laſt remaining hope! The liberty of Genoa is loſt—Fieſco is loſt—and thou (*preſſing her more ſtrongly, with a look of deſpair*) may'ſt become a prey to diſhonour.

Bertha.

(*Tearing herſelf from him*) Great God! You know, then—

Verrina.

(*Trembling*) What?

Bertha.

My virgin honor—

Verrina.

(*Raging*) What?

Bertha.

Laſt night—

Verrina.

(*Furiouſly*) Speak! What!

Bertha.

Force!—(*ſinks down by the ſide of the ſopha*)

Verrina.

(*After a long pauſe—with a hollow voice*) One word more, my daughter, though it be thy laſt—Who was it?

Bertha.

Alas, what an angry death-like paleneſs! Great God, ſupport me! How his words faulter! How his whole frame trembles!

Verrina.

I cannot comprehend it—Tell me, my daughter—Who?

Bertha.

Compoſe yourſelf, my beſt, my deareſt father!

Verrina.

For God's ſake—Who? (*ready to faint*)

Bertha.

A maſk—

Verrina.

(*Steps back, thoughtfully*) No! That cannot be—the thought is idle—(*ſmiling to himſelf*) What a fool am I, to think that all the poiſon of my life can flow but from one ſource! (*firmly—addreſſing himſelf to* BERTHA) What was his ſtature, leſs than mine, or taller?

Bertha.

Taller.

Verrina.

(*Eagerly*) His hair? Was it black and curled?

Bertha.

As black as jet, and curled.

Verrina.

(*Retiring from her in great emotion*) O God! my brain! my brain!—His voice?

Bertha.

Was deep and harſh.

Verrina.

(*Impetuouſly*) What colour was—no, I'll hear no more—His cloak!—What colour?—

Bertha.

I think his cloak was green.

Verrina

(*Covering his face with his hands, falls on the couch*) No more—This can be nothing but a dream. (*his hands ſink down, a deadly paleneſs overſpreads his face.*)

Bertha.

(*Wringing her hands*) Merciful Heaven! This is no more my father.

Verrina.

(*After a pauſe, with a forced ſmile*) Right—It ſerves thee right—coward Verrina! The vil-

lain broke into the ſanctuary of the laws—This did not rouſe thee. Then he violated the ſanctuary of thy honor—(*ſtarting up*) Quick! Nicolo! Bring me hither balls and powder—but ſtay—my ſword were better. (*To* BERTHA) Say thy prayers!—Ah! what am I going to do?

Bertha.

Father, you make me tremble.

Verrina.

Come, ſit by me, Bertha! (*in a ſolemn manner*) Tell me, Bertha, what did that grey-hair'd Roman, when his daughter—like you—how can I ſpeak it!—fell a prey to ignominy? Tell me, Bertha, what ſaid Virginius to his diſhonoured daughter?

Bertha.

(*Shuddering*) I know not what he ſaid—

Verrina.

Fooliſh girl! Nothing did he ſay—but (*riſing haſtily, and ſnatching up a ſword*) he ſeized an inſtrument of death—

Bertha.

(*Terrified, ruſhes into his arms*) Great God!—What would you do, my father!

Verrina.

(*Throwing away the ſword*) No—There is ſtill juſtice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.

SACCO, CALCAGNO, *the Former.*

Calcagno.

Verrina, quick! prepare! To day begins the election. Let us to the Senate-Houſe to chooſe the new ſenators. The ſtreets are full of people, you will undoubtedly accompany us (*ironically*) to ſee the triumph of our liberty.

Sacco.

(*To* CALCAGNO) Doſt thou ſee that ſword? Verrina has wildneſs in his looks—and Bertha is in tears.

Calcagno.

By heavens, I ſee it. Sacco, ſome ſtrange event has happened here.

Verrina.

(*Placing two chairs.*) Be ſeated.—

Sacco.

Friend! Your looks fill us with apprehenſion.

Calcagno.

I never ſaw you thus before, my friend—Your grief, I ſhould have thought, preſaged the ruin of our country—but Bertha alſo is in tears.—

Verrina.

Ruin!—Pray ſit down—*(they both ſeat themſelves.)*

Calcagno.

My friend, I conjure you.—

Verrina.

Liſten to me.—

Calcagno.

(*To* Sacco.) What are we to expect, Sacco?

Verrina.

Genoeſe, you both know the antiquity of my family. Your anceſtors were vaſſals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the ſtate, their wives were patterns of virtue to their ſex. Honor was our ſole inheritance, deſcending unſpotted from the father to the ſon—Can any one deny it?

Sacco.

No.

Calcagno.

No one, by the God of Heaven!

Verrina.

I am the laſt of my race. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all ſhe left me. You are witneſſes, my friends, how I have

brought her up.—Can any one accuſe me of neglecting my Bertha?

Calcagno.

No. Your daughter is a bright example to our females.—

Verrina.

I am old, my friends. On this my daughter all my hopes were placed. Should I loſe her, my race becomes extinct.—(*after a pauſe, with a ſolemn voice*) I have loſt her—My family is diſhonoured.

Sacco & Calcagno.

Forbid it Heaven!

(BERTHA, *on the couch, appears much affected.*)

Verrina.

No—Deſpair not, daughter! Theſe men are juſt and brave—If they feel thy wrongs, they will expiate them with blood. Be not aſtoniſhed, friends.—He who tramples upon Genoa, may eaſily overcome a helpleſs female.

Sacco & Calcagno.

(*Starting up with great emotion.*) Gianettino Doria!

Bertha.

(*With a ſhriek, ſeeing* BOURGOGNINO *enter.*) Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins!—My Scipio!

SCENE XII.

BOURGOGNINO—*the Former.*

Bourgognino.

(With ardor.) Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, I come to lay my deareſt hopes at your diſpoſal. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to aſk her hand, becauſe my whole fortune was entruſted to the treacherous ſea. My ſhips have juſt now reached the harbour laden with valuable cargoes—Now I am rich—Beſtow your Bertha on me—I'll make her happy.

Verrina.

What, youth! Wouldſt thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted ſtream?

Bourgognino.

(Claps his hand to his ſword, but ſuddenly draws it back.) 'Twas her father that ſaid it.

Verrina.

No—every raſcal in Italy will ſay it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repaſts?

Bourgognino.

Old man, do not make me deſperate!

Calcagno.

Bourgognino! He ſpeaks the truth.

Bourgognino.

(*Enraged, ruſhing towards* BERTHA.) The truth! Has the girl then mocked me?

Calcagno.

Reſtrain your paſſion. The girl is ſpotleſs as an angel.

Bourgognino.

(*Aſtoniſhed.*) By my ſoul's happineſs!—The girl is ſpotleſs, yet diſhonoured?—I comprehend it not. They look in ſilence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues.—I conjure you, friends, mock not my reaſon. Is ſhe pure? Is ſhe truly ſo? Who anſwers for her?

Verrina.

My child is guiltleſs.

Bourgognino.

What!—Violence!—(*ſnatches the ſword from the ground*). Be all the ſins of earth upon my head, if I avenge her not!—Where is the ſpoiler?

Verrina.

Seek him in the plunderer of Genoa.

(BOURGOGNINO *ſtruck with aſtoniſhment*—VERRINA *walks up and down the room in deep thought, then ſtops*—)

Verrina.

If rightly I can trace thy counſels, O eternal Providence! It is thy will to make my daughter the inſtrument of Genoa's deliverance. *(Approaching her ſlowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm, and proceeds in a ſolemn manner.)* Before the heart's blood of Doria ſhall waſh away this foul ſtain from thy honor, no beam of day-light ſhall ſhine upon theſe cheeks. 'Till then *(throwing the crape over her)* be blind! *(A pauſe—the reſt look upon him with ſilent aſtoniſhment, he continues ſolemnly, his hand upon* BERTHA'S *head.)* Curſed be the air that ſhall breathe on thee! Curſed the ſleep that ſhall refreſh thee! Curſed every human ſtep that ſhall come to ſooth thy miſery!—Down, into the loweſt vault beneath my houſe! There whine, and cry aloud! *(pauſing with inward horror.)* Be thy life painful as the tortures of the writhing worm—agonizing as the ſtubborn conflict between exiſtence and annihilation.—This curſe lie on thee till Gianettino ſhall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he eſcape his puniſhment, then may'ſt thou drag thy load of miſery throughout the endleſs circle of eternity!

*(A deep ſilence—horror is marked on the countenances of all preſent.—*VERRINA *caſts a ſcrutinizing look at each of them).*

Bourgognino.

Inhuman father! What is it thou haſt done? Why pour forth this horrible and monſtrous curſe againſt thy guiltleſs daughter?

Verrina.

Youth, thou ſay'ſt true—it is moſt horrible. Now which of you will ſtand forth and ſpeak of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I am no more a father, but a citizen. But who among us is ſo much a coward, to heſitate in the ſalvation of his country, when this poor guiltleſs being muſt pay for his timidity with endleſs ſufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's ſpeech. I've ſworn an oath, and till Doria feel the agonies of death, I cannot pity my own child. No—not if, like an executioner, I ſhould invent unheard-of torments for her, or with my own hands tear her innocent frame to pieces on the barbarous rack. You ſhudder—you ſtare me in the face, as pale as ghoſts. Once more, Scipio—I keep her as an hoſtage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I ſuſpend thy duty, my own, and yours, (*to* SACCO *and* CALCAGNO). The tyrant

of Genoa muſt fall, or Bertha muſt deſpair—I do not retract.

Bourgognino.

(*Throwing himſelf at* BERTHA'S *feet*) He ſhall fall—fall a victim for Genoa. I will as ſurely plunge this ſword into Doria's heart, as upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kiſs. (*riſes.*)

Verrina.

Ye couple, the firſt that ever owed their union to the furies, join hands.—Wilt thou plunge thy ſword into Doria's heart? Take her—ſhe is thine.

Calcagno.

(*Kneeling*) Here another citizen of Genoa kneels down, and lays his faithful ſword before the feet of innocence. As ſurely may Calcagno find the way to heaven, as this ſteel ſhall find its way to Gianettino's boſom. (*riſes.*)

Sacco.

(*Kneeling*) Laſt, but not leaſt determined, Raffaelle Sacco kneels. If this bright ſteel help not to unlock the priſon doors of Bertha, may'ſt thou, my Saviour, ſhut thy ear to my dying prayers! (*riſes.*)

Verrina.

(*With a calm look*) Through me Genoa thanks

you. Now go, my daughter—Rejoice to be the mighty ſacrifice for thy country!

Bourgognino.

(*Embracing her as ſhe is departing*) Go! confide in God—and Bourgognino.—The ſame day ſhall give freedom to Bertha and to Genoa.

[BERTHA *retires.*

SCENE XIII.

The Former—without BERTHA.

Calcagno.

Genoeſe, before we take another ſtep, one word—

Verrina.

I gueſs what thou would'ſt ſay.

Calcagno.

Will four patriots alone be ſufficient to deſtroy this mighty Hydra? Shall we not ſtir up the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to join our party?

Verrina.

I underſtand thee. Now hear my advice—I have engaged a painter, who has been long exerting all his ſkill to paint the fall of Appius Claudius. That art Fieſco loves to enthuſiaſm, and often delights to elevate his mind by view-

ing its ſublime productions. We will ſend this picture to his houſe, and will be preſent when he contemplates it. Perhaps the ſight may rouſe his ſpirit.—Perhaps—

Bourgognino.

Speak not of him.—Let us increaſe the danger and not the means of help. So valour bids. I have long felt an impulſe at my heart ſtronger than I knew how to ſatisfy. Now—now I know what preſſes on me—a Tyrant.

[*The ſcene cloſes.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace of FIESCO.

LEONORA *and* ARABELLA.

Arabella.

NO, certainly, You were miſtaken: your eyes were blinded by jealouſy.

Leonora.

It was the living image of Julia. Do not endeavour to perſuade me otherwiſe. My picture uſed to be ſuſpended by a ſky-blue ribband: this was flame-coloured, and wavy.—My fate is decided—

SCENE II.

The Former, and JULIA.

Julia.

(Entering in an affected manner) The Count offered me his palace to ſee the proceſſion to the Senate-Houſe. The time will be tedious. You

will entertain me, Madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

(ARABELLA *goes out, and returns ſoon afterward.*)

Leonora.

Do you wiſh that I ſhould invite company to meet you?

Julia.

Ridiculous! As if I ſhould come hither in ſearch of company. You will endeavour to amuſe me, Madam. (*walking up and down, admiring herſelf*) If you can do that, Madam, I ſhall have loſt nothing.

Arabella.

(*Sarcaſtically*) Your ſplendid dreſs alone will be the loſer. Only think how cruel 'tis to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaus of ſuch a treat! Ah! And the glitter of your ſparkling pearls, on which it almoſt wounds the ſight to look. Good heavens! You ſeem to have plundered the whole ocean.

Julia.

(*Before a glaſs*) You are ſurpriſed at that, Madam! But hark ye, Madam, pray has your miſtreſs alſo hired your tongue? Counteſs 'tis fine, indeed, to permit your ſervants thus to addreſs your gueſts.

Leonora.

'Tis my misfortune, Signora, that my want of ſpirits prevents me from enjoying the pleaſure of your company.

Julia.

That's an ugly fault. To be dull and ſpiritleſs—Be active, ſprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your huſband to you.

Leonora.

I know but one way, Counteſs. Your's perhaps may be more efficacious in exciting ſympathy.

Julia.

(*Pretending not to mind her*) How you dreſs, Madam! For ſhame! Pay more attention to your appearance! Have recourſe to art, where nature is unkind. Put colour on thoſe cheeks which look ſo pale with ſpleen. Poor creature! Your countenance will never find an admirer.

Leonora.

(*To* ARABELLA *in a lively manner*) Congratulate me, girl. It is impoſſible I can have loſt Fieſco; or if I have, the loſs muſt ſure be trifling.

(*The chocolate is brought,* ARABELLA *pours it out.*)

Julia.

Do you talk of loſing Fieſco? Good God! How could you ever conceive the vain idea of poſſeſſing him? Why, my child, aſpire to ſuch a height?—A height, where you cannot but be ſeen, and muſt be compared with others. Indeed, my dear, *he* was a ſcoundrel or a blockhead who joined you with Fieſco. (*taking her hand with a look of compaſſion.*) Poor ſoul! The man who mixes with the aſſemblies of faſhionable life, could never be your match. (*She takes a diſh of chocolate.*)

Leonora.

(*Smiling at* ARABELLA) If he were, he would not wiſh to mix with ſuch aſſemblies.

Julia.

The Count is handſome, faſhionable, elegant. He was ſo fortunate as to form connections with people of rank. The Count is lively, and high-ſpirited.—Suppoſe, he comes home warm from the midſt of a faſhionable circle, what does he meet? His wife receives him with a vulgar tenderneſs: damps his fire with a chilling kiſs, and meaſures out her attentions to him with a niggardly œconomy. Poor huſband! *Here*, a blooming beauty ſmiles upon him—*there*, he is diſguſted by a peeviſh ſenſibility. Signora, Sig-

nora, for God's ſake, conſider, if he have not loſt his underſtanding, what will he chuſe?—

Leonora.

(Offering her a cup of chocolate) You, Madam —If he have loſt it.

Julia.

Good! This ſting ſhall return into your own boſom. Tremble for your mockery! But before you tremble—bluſh!

Leonora.

Do you then know what it is to bluſh, Signora? But, why not? 'Tis a toilet-trick.

Julia.

Oh, ſee! This poor creature muſt be provoked, if one would draw from her a ſpark of wit. Well—Let it paſs, this time. Madam, I only ſpoke in jeſt. Give me your hand in token of reconciliation.

Leonora.

(Offering her hand with a ſignificant look) Counteſs, my anger ne'er ſhall trouble you.

Julia.

That's generous indeed. I would endeavour to imitate your conduct. Counteſs, *(maliciouſly)*

do you not think I muſt love that perſon, whoſe image I bear conſtantly about me?

Leonora.

(*Bluſhing, confuſed*) What do you ſay? At leaſt it ſeems a doubtful proof.

Julia.

I think ſo too. The heart needs not the aſſiſtance of the ſenſes; and real ſentiment ſeeks not to ſtrengthen itſelf by outward ornament.

Leonora.

Heavens! Where did you learn ſuch a truth!

Julia.

'Twas in mere compaſſion that I ſpoke it; for obſerve, Madam, the reverſe is no leſs certain. Such is Fieſco's love for you—(*Gives her the picture, laughing maliciouſly*)

Leonora.

(*With extreme indignation*) My picture! Given to you! (*throws herſelf into a chair, much affected*) Cruel Fieſco!—

Julia.

Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, Madam, have you any other ſting to wound me with? (*goes to the ſide-ſcene*) My carriage!—My buſineſs is done. (*Addreſſing* LEONORA *with affected*

kindneſs.) Be comforted, my child: he gave me the picture in a fit of madneſs.

[*Exeunt* JULIA *and* ARABELLA.

SCENE III.

LEONORA *and* CALCAGNO.

Calcagno.

Did not the Counteſs Imperiali depart in anger, Madam?

Leonora.

(Violently agitated) No—This is unheard of cruelty.

Calcagno.

Heaven and earth!—Do I behold you in tears!

Leonora.

Thou art a friend of my inhuman—Away—Leave my ſight—

Calcagno.

Whom do you call inhuman?—You affright me—

Leonora.

My huſband—Is he not ſo?

Calcagno.

What do I hear!—

Leonora.

'Tis but a piece of villainy common enough among your ſex—

Calcagno.

(*Graſping her hand with vehemence*) Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

Leonora.

You are a man—Your heart is not for me.

Calcagno.

For you alone—Yours only—Would that you knew how much, how truly yours—

Leonora.

Man, thou art untrue—Thy words would be refuted by thy actions—

Calcagno.

I ſwear to you—

Leonora.

—A falſe oath—Ceaſe!—The perjuries of men are ſo innumerable 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into as many devils, they might ſtorm heaven itſelf, and lead away the angels of light as captives.

Calcagno.

Nay, Madam, your anger makes you unjuſt. Is the whole ſex to anſwer for the crime of one?

Leonora.

I tell thee, in that one was centered all my affection for the ſex. In him I will deteſt them all.

Calcagno.

Counteſs, you once beſtowed your hand amiſs. Would you again make trial, I know one who would deſerve it better.

Leonora.

The limits of creation cannot bound your falſehoods. I'll hear thee no more.

Calcagno.

Oh that you would retract this cruel ſentence in my arms!

Leonora.

(*With aſtoniſhment*) Speak out—In thy arms!

Calcagno.

In my arms, which open themſelves to receive a forſaken woman, and to conſole her for the love ſhe has loſt.

Leonora.

(*Fixing her eyes on him*) Love!

Calcagno.

(*Kneeling before her, with ardor*) Yes, I have ſaid it—Love, Madam—life and death lie on your tongue. To call my paſſion criminal would be to break down the boundaries of vice and virtue, and to confound together heaven and hell in one general condemnation.

Leonora.

(*Steps back indignantly, with a look of noble diſdain*) Hypocrite! Was that the object of thy falſe compaſſion? This attitude at once proclaims thee traitor to friendſhip, and to love. Begone, for ever from my eyes!—Deteſted ſex! 'Till now I thought the only victim of your ſnares was woman; nor ever ſuſpected that to each other you were ſo falſe, and faithleſs.

Calcagno.

(*Riſing, confounded*) Counteſs!

Leonora.

Was it not enough to break the ſacred ſeal of confidence! but even on the unſullied mirror of virtue, this hypocrite breathes peſtilence, and would ſeduce my innocence to perjury.

Calcagno.

(Haſtily) Perjury, Madam, you cannot be guilty of.

Leonora.

I underſtand thee — thou thoughteſt my wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. *(With dignity)* Thou didſt not know that ſhe who loves Fieſco, feels even the pang that rends her heart, ennobling. Begone! Fieſco's perfidy will not make Calcagno riſe in my eſteem—but—will debaſe humanity. [*Exit haſtily.*

Calcagno.

(Stands as if thunderſtruck—looks after her—ſtrikes his forehead) Fool, that I am! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

THE MOOR *and* FIESCO.

Fieſco.

Who was it that juſt now departed?

Moor.

The Marquis Calcagno.

Fieſco.

This handkerchief was left upon the ſopha. My wife has been here.

Moor.

I met her this moment in great agitation.

Fieſco.

This handkerchief is moiſt—Calcagno here? And Leonora agitated? (*after ſome meditation*) This evening thou muſt learn what has happened here.

Moor.

Miſs Bella likes to hear that ſhe is fair. She will inform me.

Fieſco.

Well—Thirty hours are paſt—Haſt thou executed my commiſſion?

Moor.

Thoroughly, my Lord.

Fieſco.

(*Seating himſelf*) Then tell me how they talk of Doria, and of the government.

Moor.

Oh, moſt vilely. The very name of Doria ſhakes them like an ague-fit—Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itſelf—there's nought but murmuring—They ſay the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat Doria has eaten them, and now is going to feaſt upon the mice.

Fieſco.

That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog againſt that cat?

Moor.

(*With an affected careleſſneſs*) The town was murmuring much of a certain—poh—I have forgot the name.

Fieſco.

(*Riſing*) Blockhead! That name is as eaſy to be remembered as 'twould be difficult to obtain it. Has Genoa more ſuch names than one?

Moor.

No—It cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

Fieſco.

(*Seating himſelf*) That is ſomething—And what do they whiſper about my preſent way of living?

Moor.

(*Fixing his eyes upon him*) Hear me, Count of Lavagna! Genoa muſt think highly of you. They cannot imagine why a deſcendant of the firſt family—with ſuch talents and genius—full of ſpirit and popularity—maſter of four millions —his veins enrich'd with princely blood—A nobleman like Fieſco, whom, at the firſt call, all hearts would fly to meet—

Fieſco.

(*Turns away contemptuouſly*) To hear ſuch things from ſuch a ſcoundrel!

Moor.

Many lamented that the chief of Genoa ſhould ſlumber over the ruin of his country. And many ſneered. Moſt men condemned you. All bewailed the ſtate which thus had loſt you. A Jeſuit pretended to have ſmelt out the fox that lay concealed beneath the garb of quietneſs.

Fieſco.

One fox ſmells out another—What ſay they to my paſſion for the Counteſs Imperiali?

Moor.

What I would rather be excuſed from repeating.

Fieſco.

Out with it—The bolder the more welcome.

Moor.

'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houſes, billiard-tables, hotels, and public walks—In the market-place, at the Exchange, they proclaim aloud—

Fieſco.

What?—I command thee.

Moor.

(*Retreating*) That you are a fool.

Fieſco.

Well, take this ſequin for theſe tidings. Now have I put on the fool's cap. How did the manufacturers receive my preſents?

Moor.

(*Humorouſly*) Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves—

Fieſco.

Fool, fellow? Are you mad?

Moor.

Pardon! I had a mind for a few more ſequins.

Fieſco.

(*Laughing, gives him another ſequin*) Well—"Like poor knaves."

Moor.

Who receive pardon at the very block. They are yours, both ſoul and body.

Fieſco.

I'm glad of it. They turn the ſcale among the populace of Genoa.

Moor.

What a ſcene it was! Zounds! I almoſt acquired a reliſh for benevolence—They caught me round the neck like madmen—The very girls ſeemed in love with my black viſage, that's as ill-omen'd as the moon in an eclipſe—Gold, thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a Moor look fair.

Fieſco.

Thy thought was better than the ſoil that gave it birth. Theſe words are favorable, but do they beſpeak actions of equal import?

Moor.

Yes—As the murmuring of the diſtant thunder foretells the approaching ſtorm. The people lay their heads together—they collect in parties—break off their talk whene'er a ſtranger paſſes by—Throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy ſilence—This diſcontent hangs, like a threatening tempeſt, over the republic—It only wants a wind, then hail and lightning will burſt forth.

Fieſco.

Huſh—hark!—What is that confuſed noiſe?

Moor.

(*Going to the window*) It is the tumult of the crowd returning from the ſenate-houſe.

Fieſco.

To-day is the election of a procurator—Order my carriage! It is impoſſible the ſitting can be over. I'll go thither—It is impoſſible it ſhould be over, if things went right. Bring me my ſword and cloak—where is my golden chain?

Moor.

Sir, I have ſtolen and pawned it.

Fieſco.

That I am glad to hear.

Moor.

But, how! Are there no more ſequins for me?

Fieſco.

No—You forgot the cloak.

Moor

Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the thief.

Fieſco.

The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the ſound of approbation. Quick!—Unlock the gates—I gueſs the matter. Doria has been raſh. The ſtate already trembles on an unſteady balance. There has ſurely been ſome diſturbance at the ſenate-houſe.

Moor.

(*At the window*) What's here! They're coming down the ſtreet of Balbi—A crowd of many thouſands—the halberds glitter—Ah, ſwords too!—Halloo!—Senators!—They come this way.

Fieſco.

Sedition is on foot. Haſten amongſt them—Mention my name—Perſuade them to come hither. (*Exit* MOOR *haſtily.*) What reaſon, labouring like a careful ant, with difficulty ſcrapes together, the wind of accident collects in one ſhort moment.

SCENE V.

FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, *and* ASSERATO, *ruſhing in.*

Zibo.

Count, impute it to our anger that we enter thus unannounced.

Zenturione.

I have been affronted, mortally affronted, by the nephew of the Duke, and in the face of the whole ſenate.

Fieſco.

Doria, then, has ſoiled the golden book of which each noble Genoeſe is a leaf.

Zenturione.

Therefore come we hither—The whole nobility is insulted in me—The whole nobility must share in my revenge—In the defence of my own honor I should not need assistance.

Zibo.

The whole nobility is in him provoked—The whole nobility must spit forth flames.

Asserato.

The rights of the nation are trampled under foot—The liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

Fiesco.

You raise my expectation.

Zibo.

He was the twenty-ninth among the electing senators, and had drawn forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator—Of the eight and twenty votes collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino—His and Doria's were still wanting—

Zenturione.

Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria—Think of the wound inflicted on my honor—Doria—

Aſſerato.

(Interrupting him) Such a thing was never heard of, ſince the ſea waſhed the walls of Genoa.

Zenturione.

(Continues with great heat) Doria drew a ſword which he had concealed under a ſcarlet cloak—Stuck it through my vote—called to the aſſembly—

Zibo.

" Senators, 'tis good for nothing, 'tis pierced through—Lomellino is Procurator "

Zenturione.

" Lomellino is Procurator." And threw his ſword upon the table.

Aſſerato.

And called out " 'Tis good for nothing"—and threw his ſword upon the table.

Fieſco.

(After a pauſe) On what are you reſolv'd?

Zenturione.

The republic is wounded to its very heart—On what are we reſolved?

Fieſco.

Zenturione, ruſhes may be broken by a breath, the oak requires a ſtorm. I aſk on what are you reſolved?

Zibo.

Methinks the queſtion ſhould be, On what does Genoa reſolve?

Fieſco.

Genoa! Genoa! name it not—'Tis brittle, and will crack where'er you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps, becauſe they put on grave faces—look myſterious when ſtate affairs are mentioned—Talk not of them! Their heroiſm is ſtifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandize. Their ſouls hover anxiouſly about their India fleet.

Zenturione.

Learn to eſteem our nobles more juſtly. Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done, when hundreds of them ruſh'd into the ſtreet, tearing their garments—The ſenate was diſpers'd—

Fieſco.

(*Sarcaſtically*) Like frighted pigeons when the vulture darts upon the dove-cote.

Zenturione.

No—like powder-barrels when a match falls on them.

Zibo.

The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

Fieſco.

(*Laughing*) The blind, unwieldy monſter, which at firſt rattles its heavy bones, threatening with gaping jaws, to devour the high and low, the near and diſtant, at laſt — ſtumbles at a thread Genoeſe! No more! the epoch of the maſters of the ſea is paſt. Genoa is ſunk beneath the ſplendor of its name. Its ſtate is ſuch as Rome experienced, when, like a tennis-ball, ſhe leapt into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer. Genoa muſt be foſter'd by a monarch. Genoa wants a ſovereign. Therefore do homage to the mad-brain'd Gianettino—

Zenturione.

(*Vehemently*)—Yes—when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the ſouth—Come, friends!

Fieſco.

Stay—Stay—Upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

Zibo.

On nothing, or at the moſt a farce—

Fieſco.

(*Leading them to a ſtatue*) Look at this figure.

Zenturione.

It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

Fieſco.

At leaſt ſhe pleaſes you.

Zibo.

Undoubtedly, or we ſhould be but poor Italians. But why this queſtion now?

Fieſco.

Travel through all the countries of the globe, and ſeek among the living models for that which is moſt happily executed, in which the charms of this imagined Venus are all united—

Zibo.

Then we perhaps may take her for our reward?

Fieſco.

Then your ſearch will have convicted Fancy of deceit—

Zenturione.

(Impatiently) And what ſhall we have gain'd?

Fieſco.

Gain'd?—The long-protracted conteſt between Art and Nature.

Zenturione.

(Eagerly) And what then?

Fieſco.

Then? Then? (*laughing*) Then you will have forgotten to obſerve the fall of Genoa's liberty.

[*Exeunt all but* FIESCO.

SCENE VI.

FIESCO—*ſolus.*

(*The noiſe without increaſes.*)

Fieſco.

'Tis well—'tis well—The ſtraw of the republic has caught fire. The flames have ſeized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on! Let the blaze be general! Let the tempeſtuous wind ſpread wide the conflagration!

SCENE VII.

FIESCO—MOOR, *entering in haſte.*

Moor.

Crouds upon crouds!

Fieſco.

Throw open wide the gates. Let all, that chooſe it, enter—

Moor.

Republicans! Republicans indeed! They drag

their liberty along, panting like beaſts of burthen beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

Fieſco.

Fools! Who believe Fieſco of Lavagna will carry on what Fieſco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely; but the conſpiracy muſt be my own. They are ruſhing hither—

Moor.

(*Going out*) Halloo! You beat the walls down, there—(*The people ruſh in—The doors broken down.*)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO—*twelve Artizans.*

All Artizans.

Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

Fieſco.

Peace, my countrymen! Your waiting thus upon me beſpeaks the warmth of your affection; but forbear theſe harſh expreſſions.

All.

(*With impetuoſity*) Down with the Dorias! Down with them, both the uncle, and the nephew!

Fieſco.

(*Counting them, with a ſmile*) Twelve is a mighty force!

Some of them.

Theſe Dorias muſt away—The ſtate muſt be reformed.

1*ſt. Artizan.*

To throw our magiſtrates down ſtairs!—The magiſtrates!

2*d. Artizan.*

Think, Count Lavagna,—down ſtairs, when they oppoſed him in the election—

All.

It muſt not be endured—It ſhall not be endured.

3*d. Artizan.*

To take a ſword into the ſenate!

1*ſt. Artizan.*

A ſword—The ſign of war—Into the chamber of peace—

2*d. Artizan.*

To come into the ſenate dreſt in ſcarlet! Not like the other ſenators, in black.

1*ſt. Artizan.*

To drive through our capital with eight horſes!

All.

A tyrant!—A traitor to the country and the government!

2d. Artizan.

To hire two hundred Germans from the emperor for his body-guard!

1ſt. Artizan.

To bring foreigners in arms againſt the natives—Germans againſt Italians—Soldiers beſide the laws!

All.

'Tis treaſon—'tis a plot againſt the liberty of Genoa.

1ſt. Artizan.

To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

2d. Artizan.

The ſtatue of Andreas placed in the centre of the ſenate-houſe.

All.

Daſh them to pieces—both the figure, and the man—

Fieſco.

Citizens of Genoa, why this to me?

1ſt. Artizan.

You ſhall not ſuffer it. You ſhall keep him down.

2d. Artizan.

You are a wiſe man, and ſhall not ſuffer it. You ſhall direct us by your counſel.

1ſt. Artizan.

You are a better nobleman. You ſhall chaſtiſe them, and curb their inſolence.

Fieſco.

Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deed?

All.

(Clamorouſly) Strike! Down with the tyrant! Make us free!

Fieſco.

But—Will you hear me?—

Some.

Speak, Count!

Fieſco.

(Seating himſelf) Genoeſe, the empire of the animals was once thrown into confuſion—Parties ſtruggled with parties—till at laſt a bull-dog ſeized the throne. He, accuſtomed to drive

the cattle to the knife of the butcher, ranged in a ſavage manner through the ſtate. He bark'd —he bit—and gnawed his ſubjects bones. The nation murmured: the boldeſt joined together, and killed the princely monſter. Now, a general aſſembly was held to decide upon the important queſtion, which form of government was beſt. There were three different opinions. Genoeſe, what would be your deciſion?

1ſt. Artizan.

For the people—

All.

For the people—

Fieſco.

The people gained the queſtion. The government was democratical: each citizen had a vote, and every thing was ſubmitted to a majority. But a few weeks paſt, ere men declared war againſt the new republic. The ſtate aſſembled—horſe, lion, tiger, bear, elephant and rhinoceros, ſtepped forth and roared aloud—to arms!—The reſt were called upon to vote.--The lamb, the hare, the ſtag, the aſs, the tribe of inſects, with the birds and timid fiſhes cried for peace. See, Genoeſe! The cowards were more numerous than the brave: the fooliſh than the wiſe. Numbers prevailed—the beaſts laid down their arms, and man exacted contributions from

them. The democratic ſyſtem was abandoned. Genoeſe, What would you next have choſen?

1ſt. & 2d. Artizan.

A ſelect government.

Fieſco.

That was adopted. The buſineſs of the ſtate was all arranged in ſeparate departments. Wolves were the financiers—Foxes their ſecretaries.—Pigeons preſided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity.—The laws of chaſtity were regulated by the he-goats—Hares were the ſoldiers—Lions and elephants ſtaid by the baggage.—The aſs was the ambaſſador of the empire, and the mole inſpector general of the whole adminiſtration.—Genoeſe, what think you of this wiſe diſtribution? Thoſe whom the wolf did not devour, the fox pillaged.—Whoever eſcaped from him was knocked down by the aſs.—The tiger murdered innocents, whilſt robbers and aſſaſſins were pardoned by the pigeon. And at the laſt, when each laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well diſcharged. The animals rebelled—"Let us," they cried unanimouſly, "chooſe a monarch, endowed with ſtrength and ſkill, and who has only one ſtomach to appeaſe." And to one chief they all did homage. Genoeſe—To *one*—

but—*(riſing and advancing majeſtically)* that one was—The Lion.—

All.

(Shouting, and throwing up their hats) Bravo! Bravo! Well managed, Count Lavagna!

1ſt. Artizan.

And Genoa ſhall follow that example—Genoa alſo has its Lion.

Fieſco.

Tell me not of that Lion—but go home, and think upon him. *(The* ARTIZANS *depart tumultuouſly.)* It is as I would have it. The people and the ſenate are alike enraged againſt Doria: the people and the ſenate alike approve Fieſco. Haſſan! Haſſan! I muſt take advantage of this favorable gale. Hoa! Haſſan! Haſſan! I muſt augment their hatred—improve my influence. Haſſan! Come hither! Whorſon of hell, come hither!

SCENE IX.

FIESCO—MOOR, *entering haſtily.*

Moor.

My feet are quite on fire with running—What is the matter now?

Fieſco.

Hear my commands!

Moor.

(*Submiſſively*) Where ſhall I run firſt? Where laſt?

Fieſco.

I will excuſe thy running this time. Thou ſhalt be dragged. Prepare thyſelf—I intend to publiſh thy attempted aſſaſſination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

Moor.

(*Taking ſeveral ſteps backward*) Sir? That's contrary to agreement.

Fieſco.

Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment 'tis of the utmoſt conſequence that Gianettino's attempt againſt my life ſhould be made public. Thou ſhalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

Moor.

Muſt I confeſs it, or deny?

Fieſco.

Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou muſt hold out againſt the firſt degree—

This, by the bye, will ſerve to expiate thy real crime. At the ſecond, thou may'ſt confeſs.

Moor.

(*Shaking his head, with a look of apprehenſion*) The devil may play me a trick—Their worſhips will perhaps deſire my company a little longer than I ſhould wiſh, and to conclude the farce, I ſhall be broken on the wheel.

Fieſco.

Thou ſhalt eſcape unhurt, I give thee my honor as a nobleman. I ſhall requeſt to have thy puniſhment left to my own diſcretion, and then pardon thee, before the whole republic.

Moor.

Well—I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little—but that will only make them the more flexible.

Fieſco.

Then ſcratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood follows. I will pretend that I have juſt now ſeized thee in the fact. 'Tis well—(*hallooing violently*) Murder! Murder! Guard the paſſages! Make faſt the gates!

(*He drags the* Moor *out by the throat, ſervants run acroſs the ſtage haſtily.*)

SCENE X.

LEONORA *and* ROSA *enter haſtily, alarmed—*

Leonora.

Murder, they cried—Murder.—The noiſe came this way.

Roſa.

Surely 'twas but a common tumult, ſuch as happens every day in Genoa.

Leonora.

They cried murder!—and I diſtinctly heard Fieſco's name. In vain you would deceive me—My heart diſcovers what is concealed from my eyes. Quick! Haſten after them. See! Tell me where they carry him.

Roſa.

Collect your ſpirits, Madam. Arabella is gone.

Leonora.

Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella! Wretch that I am, 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart, he would not have plunged into the world, nor ruſh'd upon the daggers of the envious.—Ah—ſhe comes—Away—Oh, Arabella, ſpeak not to me!

SCENE XI.

The Former—ARABELLA.

Arabella.

The Count is living and unhurt. I ſaw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handſome. The ſteed that bore him pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at diſtance from its princely rider. He ſaw me as he paſſed, and with a gracious ſmile thrice kiſſed his hand to me. (*archly.*) What can I do with thoſe kiſſes, Madam?

Leonora.

(*Highly pleaſed*) Idle prattler! Return them to him.

Roſa.

See now, how ſoon your colour has returned!

Leonora.

His heart he throws away upon theſe girls, whilſt I am anxious to obtain a look! Oh wives! wives! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

In the Palace of ANDREAS.

GIANETTINO *and* LOMELLINO *enter haſtily.*

Gianettino.

Let them roar for their liberty as a lioneſs for her young—I am reſolved.

Lomellino.

But—moſt gracious Prince!

Gianettino.

Away to hell with thy *Buts*, thou three-hours Procurator! I will not yield a hair's breadth. Let Genoa's towers ſhake their heads, and the hoarſe ſea rebellow *No* to it—I value not the oppoſing multitude.

Lomellino.

The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility blow up the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people, and patricians.

Gianettino.

Then will I ſtand upon the mount like Nero, and entertain myſelf with looking at the flames.

Lomellino.

'Till the whole maſs of ſedition falls into the

hands of ſome enterpriſing leader, who will take advantage of the general devaſtation.

Gianettino.

Poh! Poh! I know but one who can be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

Lomellino.

His Highneſs comes—

Enter ANDREAS—(*both bow reſpectfully.*)

Andreas.

Signor Lomellino, my niece wiſhes to take the air.

Lomellino.

I ſhall have the honor of attending her.

[*Exit* LOMELLINO.

SCENE XIII.

ANDREAS *and* GIANETTINO.

Andreas.

Nephew, attend—I am much diſpleaſed with you.

Gianettino.

Grant me a hearing, moſt gracious uncle!

Andreas.

That I would grant to the meaneſt beggar in

Genoa, if he deſerved it. Never to a villain, though he ſhould be my nephew. It is ſufficient favor, that I addreſs thee as an uncle, not as a ſovereign.

Gianettino.

One word only, gracious Sir!

Andreas.

Hear firſt what thou haſt done, then anſwer me. Thou haſt pulled down an edifice, which I had laboured for fifty years to raiſe—That which ſhould have been thy uncle's mauſoleum, his only pyramid—The affections of his countrymen. —This raſhneſs Andreas pardons thee—

Gianettino.

My uncle, and my ſovereign!

Andreas.

Interrupt me not—Thou haſt injured that moſt glorious work of mine, the Conſtitution, which I brought down from Heaven for Genoa, which coſt me ſo many ſleepleſs nights, ſo many dangers, and ſo much blood. Before all Genoa thou haſt caſt a ſtain upon my honor in violating my inſtitutions. Who will hold them ſacred, if my own family deſpiſe them?—This folly thy uncle pardons thee.

Gianettino.

(*Offended*) Sir, you educated me to be the Duke of Genoa.

Andreas.

Be ſilent! Thou art a traitor to the ſtate, and haſt attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy! That principle is *ſubordination*. Becauſe the ſhepherd retired in the evening from his labour, thoughteſt thou the flock deſerted? Becauſe Andreas' head is white with age, thoughteſt thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws?

Gianettino.

(*Inſolently*) Peace, Duke! In my veins alſo boils the blood of that Andreas, before whom France has trembled.

Andreas.

Be ſilent, I command thee. When I ſpeak, the ſea itſelf is wont to pay attention. Thou haſt inſulted the majeſty of juſtice in its very ſanctuary.—Rebel!—Doſt thou know what puniſhment that crime demands?—Now anſwer!

(GIANETTINO *appears ſtruck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without ſpeaking.*)

Andreas.

Wretched Andreas! In thy own heart thou haſt bred the worm that gnaws thy merit. I

built up a fabric for Genoa which ſhould mock the lapſe of ages, and am myſelf the firſt to caſt a firebrand into it. Thank my grey head which wiſhes to be laid in the grave by a relation's hand —Thank my unjuſt love, that I do not on the ſcaffold pour out thy rebellious blood to ſatisfy the violated laws. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

GIANETTINO—LOMELLINO, *entering out of Breath and frightened.*

(GIANETTINO *looking after the Duke, ſpeechleſs with Anger.*)

Lomellino.

What have I ſeen! What have I heard! Fly, Prince! Fly quickly! All is loſt—

Gianettino.

(*With an inward rage*) What was there to loſe?

Lomellino.

Genoa, Prince—I come from the market-place. The people were crouding round a Moor, who was dragged along bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court—The Moor had been employed to aſſaſſinate Fieſco, and in the attempt was ſeized.

Gianettino.

(*Stamping violently on the ground*) What, are all the devils of hell let looſe at once?

Lomellino.

They queſtioned him moſt ſtrictly concerning his employer. The Moor confeſſed nothing.—They tried the firſt degree of torture. He confeſſed nothing.—They put him to the ſecond. Then he ſpoke—He ſpoke—My gracious Lord, how could you truſt your honor to ſuch a villain?

Gianettino.

(*Fiercely*) Aſk me no queſtion!

Lomellino.

Hear the reſt! Scarcely was the word Doria uttered—I would ſooner have ſeen my name inſcribed in the infernal regiſter, than have heard yours thus mentioned—Scarcely was it uttered, when Fieſco ſhewed himſelf to the people.—You know the man—with the voice of perſuaſion, he commands, and plays the uſurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole aſſembly hung upon his looks, breathleſs with indignation.—He ſpoke little; but bared his bleeding arm. The croud contended for the falling drops as if for relics. The Moor was given up to his diſpoſal—and Fieſco—a mortal blow for us!—

Fieſco pardoned him. Now the confined anger of the people burſt forth in one tumultuous clamour. Each breath annihilated a Doria, and Fieſco was borne home amidſt a thouſand joyful acclamations.

Gianettino.

(*With a ferocious laugh*) Let the flood of tumult ſwell up to my very throat—*The Emperor Charles!*—That ſound alone ſhall ſtrike them to the earth, ſo that not a murmur ſhall be heard in Genoa.

Lomellino.

Bohemia is far from hence—If the Emperor haſten, he may perhaps be preſent at your funeral.

Gianettino.

(*Drawing forth a letter with a great ſeal*) 'Tis fortunate, that he is here already.—Art thou ſurpriſed at this? And didſt thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans, had I not known they were betrayed and ſold?

Lomellino.

(*With aſtoniſhment*) I know not what to think.

Gianettino.

But I have thought of ſomething which thou couldſt not know. My plan is formed. Ere two days are paſt, twelve ſenators muſt fall.

Doria becomes ſovereign, and Emperor Charles protects him.—You ſeem aſtoniſhed—

Lomellino.

Twelve ſenators! My boſom trembles to encounter, twelve times, a deed ſo horrible as murder.

Gianettino.

Fool that thou art! upon theſe victims ſhall I build my throne. I conſulted with the miniſters of Charles, on the ſtrong party which France ſtill has in Genoa, and by which ſhe might a ſecond time ſeize on it, unleſs they ſhould be rooted out. This worked upon the emperor—He approved my projects—And thou ſhalt write what I will dictate to thee.

Lomellino.

I know not yet what 'tis you purpoſe.

Gianettino.

Sit down, and write—

Lomellino.

But what am I to write? (*ſeats himſelf.*)

Gianettino.

The names of the twelve candidates for death —Francis Zenturione.

Lomellino.

(*Writes*) In gratitude for his vote, he leads the funeral proceſſion.

Gianettino.

Cornelio Calva.

Lomellino.

—— Calva—

Gianettino.

Michael Zibo.

Lomellino.

To cool him after his diſappointment in the Procuratorſhip.

Gianettino.

Thomas Aſſerato, and his three brothers.

(LOMELLINO *ſtops.*)

Gianettino.

(*Forcibly*) And his three brothers—

Lomellino.

(*Writes*) Go on—

Gianettino.

Fieſco of Lavagna.

Lomellino.

Beware of that black ſtone. If you ſtumble over it, it will be fatal to you.

Gianettino.

Scipio Bourgognino.

Lomellino.

He may celebrate elſewhere his wedding—

Gianettino.

Ay—Where I ſhall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

Lomellino.

I ſhould intercede for his life, until he ſhall have paid my five thouſand crowns. (*writes*)—Death ſtrikes the balance.

Gianettino.

Vincent Calcagno.

Lomellino.

Calcagno—The twelfth I write at my own riſk, unleſs our mortal enemy be overlooked.

Gianettino.

The end crowns all—Joſeph Verrina.

Lomellino.

He is the very head of the viper, that threat-

ens us. (*Riſes and preſents the paper to* GIANETTINO.) Two days hence death makes a ſplendid feaſt, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be preſent.

Gianettino.

(*Signs the paper*) 'Tis done—Two days hence will be the ducal election. When the ſenate ſhall be aſſembled for that purpoſe, theſe twelve ſhall on a ſudden ſignal be laid low. My two hundred Germans will have ſurrounded the ſenate-houſe—At that moment, I enter, and claim homage as the Duke. (*Rings the bell.*)

Lomellino.

And what of Andreas?

Gianettino.

(*Contemptuouſly*) He is an old man. (*Enter ſervant*) If the Duke ſhould aſk for me, ſay I am gone to maſs. (*exit ſervant.*) I muſt conceal the devil that's within beneath a ſaintly garb.

Lomellino.

But, my Lord, the paper?

Gianettino.

Take thou, and circulate it among our party. —This letter muſt be diſpatched by expreſs to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our in-

tended plan, and to direct him to reach the capital early in the morning. (*Going.*)

Lomellino.

Stop, Prince—There is an error in our calculation—Fieſco does not attend the ſenate.

Gianettino.

(*Looking back*) Genoa will eaſily ſupply one more aſſaſſin—I'll ſee to that.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

SCENE XV.

An Antichamber in FIESCO's *Palace.*

FIESCO, *with Papers before him—and* MOOR.

Fieſco.

Four gallies have entered the harbour, doſt thou ſay?

Moor.

Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

Fieſco.

That's well. Whence are theſe expreſſes?

Moor.

From Rome, Placentia, and France.

Fieſco.

(Opens the letters, and runs over them) Welcome! Welcome news! *(in high ſpirits)* Let the meſſengers be treated in a princely manner.

Moor.

Hem!—*(going)*

Fieſco.

Stop, ſtop, here's work for thee in plenty.

Moor.

Command me. I am ready to act the ſetter, or the blood-hound.

Fieſco.

I only want at preſent the voice of the decoy-bird. To-morrow early, two thouſand men will enter the city in diſgüiſe, to engage in my ſervice. Diſtribute thy aſſiſtants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the ſtrangers that arrive. Some will be dreſt like pilgrims on their journey—others like mendicant friars—or Savoyards—or actors—Some as pedlars, and muſicians—Moſt as diſbanded ſoldiers come to ſeek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every one be aſk'd where he takes up his lodging. If he anſwer, at the golden ſnake, let him be treated as a friend, and ſhewn my habitation. Fellow, I rely upon thy prudence.

Moor.

Sir, you may rely on that, as much as on my knavery. If a ſingle head eſcape me, pluck out my eyes, and ſhoot at ſparrows with them. (*Going*)

Fieſco.

Stop—I've another piece of buſineſs for thee. The arrival of the gallies will excite ſuſpicion in the city. If any one enquire of thee about them, ſay thou haſt heard it whiſper'd that thy maſter intends to cruize againſt the Turks. Doſt thou underſtand me?

Moor.

Yes, yes, the baſket has a ſpecious cover; what is within heaven knows. (*Going.*)

Fieſco.

Stop once more—Gianettino has new reaſons to hate me, and lay ſnares againſt my life. Go—ſee among the fellows of thy trade, if thou canſt not find out ſome plot on foot againſt me. Viſit the brothels—Doria often frequents them. The ſecrets of the cabinet are ſometimes lodg'd within the folds of the petticoat. Promiſe theſe ladies golden cuſtomers. Promiſe them thy maſter—let nothing be too ſacred to be uſed in fathoming this miry pool 'till thou canſt find the bottom.

Moor.

Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have ſerved above a year as procurer. The other day I ſaw the Signor Lomellino coming out of her houſe.

Fieſco.

That ſuits my purpoſe well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's projects. To-morrow thou ſhalt go thither. Perhaps he is to night the Endymion of this chaſte Diana.

Moor.

One more queſtion, my Lord. Suppoſe the people aſk me—and that they will, I'll pawn my ſoul upon it—ſuppoſe they aſk, "what does Fieſco think of Genoa?" Would you ſtill wear the maſk?—or—how ſhall I anſwer them?

Fieſco.

Anſwer?—Hum!—The fruit is ripe. The pains of labor announce the approaching birth. Anſwer that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy maſter's name is—John Louis Fieſco—

Moor.

(*With an air of ſatisfaction*) That buſineſs ſhall be managed neatly for you, I'll pledge the credit of my profeſſion on it. Now be alert, friend Haſſan! Firſt to a tavern—My feet have

work enough cut out for them. I muſt coax my ſtomach to intercede with my legs. (*Haſtening away—returns*) Oh, apropos! My chattering made me almoſt forget one circumſtance. You wiſh'd to know what paſſed between Calcagno and your wife. A refuſal, Sir—That's all—(*Runs off.*)

SCENE XVI.

FIESCO, *ſolus.*

I pity thee, Calcagno—Didſt thou think I ſhould upon ſo delicate a point have been thus careleſs, had I not relied on my wife's virtue, and my own ſuperior merits? I approve this new relationſhip. Thou art a good ſoldier. This ſhall unite thy arm with mine, to the deſtruction of Doria. (*Walking up and down*)—Now, Doria, let us come to the conteſt! all the machines are ready for the grand attempt—The inſtruments are tun'd for the tremendous concert—Nought is wanting but to throw off the maſk, and ſhew Fieſco to the patriots of Genoa. (*Some perſons are heard approaching*) Ha! Viſitors!—Who can be coming to diſturb me?

SCENE XVII.

FIESCO—VERRINA—ROMANO, *with a Picture*—SACCO—BOURGOGNINO—CALCAGNO.

Fieſco.

(*Receiving them with great affability*) Welcome, my worthy friends! What important buſineſs brings you all hither? Are you too come, my dear brother, Verrina!—I ſhould almoſt have forgotten you, had you not more frequently been preſent to my thoughts than to my ſight. I think I have not ſeen you ſince my laſt entertainment.

Verrina.

Do not count the hours, Fieſco! heavy burthens have in that interval weigh'd down my aged head. But enough of this—

Fieſco.

Not enough to ſatisfy the anxiety of friendſhip. You muſt inform me further when we are alone. (*Addreſſing* BOURGOGNINO) Welcome, brave youth! Our acquaintance is yet green; but my affection for thee is already ripe. Has your eſteem for me improv'd?

Bourgognino.

'Tis on the increaſe.

Fieſco.

Verrina, it is reported that this brave young man is to be your ſon-in-law. Receive my warmeſt approbation of your choice. I have convers'd with him but once; and yet I ſhould be proud to call him my relation.

Verrina.

That opinion might, on my daughter's account, make me vain.

Fieſco.

(*To the others*) Sacco, Calcagno, all unfrequent viſitors—I ſhould fear your abſence were a proof that I had been deficient in politeneſs. And here I greet a fifth gueſt, unknown to me indeed, but ſufficiently recommended by this worthy circle.

Romano.

He, my Lord, is but a painter, named Romano, who lives on what he ſteals from Nature. His pencil is his only coat of arms. And he now comes hither to catch ſome features for a head of Brutus.

Fieſco.

Give me your hand, Romano! I admire the miſtreſs whom you ſerve. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter gave us being, but 'twas

the former made us men. What are the ſubjects of your labor?

Romano.

Scenes from the heroic ages of antiquity. At Florence is my dying Hercules, at Venice, my Cleopatra, the Ajax furious, at Rome, where, in the Vatican, the heroes of paſt times riſe again to light.

Fieſco.

And what juſt now employs your pencil?

Romano.

Alas! my Lord, I've thrown away my pencil. The animation of my genius ſeemed not to keep pace with the progreſs of my life. The crown of popular applauſe ſhines but awhile—This is my laſt production—

Fieſco.

(*In a lively manner*) It could not come more opportunely. I feel to-day a more than uſual cheerfulneſs—A ſentiment of tranquil pleaſure pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impreſſion of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture—I ſhall feaſt upon the ſight. Come, friends, we will devote ourſelves entirely to the artiſt. Place your picture.

Verrina.

(*Apart to the others*) Now, Genoeſe, obſerve!

Romano.

(*Placing the picture*) The light muſt fall upon it thus—Draw up that curtain—Let fall the other—Right—(*ſtanding on one ſide*) It is the ſtory of Virginia, and Appius Claudius.

(*A long pauſe—all contemplate the picture*)

Verrina.

(*With enthuſiaſm*) Strike, aged father! Doſt thou tremble, tyrant? How pale you ſtand there, ſenſeleſs Romans! Follow him, ſenſeleſs Romans! The ſword yet glitters—Follow *me*, ſenſeleſs Genoeſe! Down with Doria! Down with him! (*ſtriking at the picture.*)

Fieſco.

(*To the painter, ſmiling*) Do you require more applauſe? Your art transforms this old man into a beardleſs dreamer.

Verrina

(*Exhauſted*) Where am I! What is become of me! They vaniſh'd away like bubbles. Thou here, Fieſco! and the tyrant living!

Fieſco.

My friend, amidſt this admiration you have overlook'd the parts moſt truly beauteous. Does this Roman's head thus ſtrike you? Look there! Obſerve this damſel—what ſoft expreſſion! What

a feminine delicacy! How ſweetly touch'd are thoſe pale lips! How exquiſite that dying look! Inimitable! Divine Romano! And that white dazzling breaſt, that heaves with the laſt pulſe of life. Draw more ſuch beauties, Romano, and I will give up Nature to worſhip thy creative fancy.

Bourgognino.

Is it *thus*, Verrina, your hopes are anſwered?

Verrina.

Take courage, ſon! The Almighty has rejected the arm of Fieſco. We will be his inſtruments.

Fieſco.

(*To* ROMANO) Well—'Tis your laſt work, Romano—Your powers are exhauſted—Throw away the pencil. Yet, whilſt I am admiring the artiſt, I forget to devour the work. I could ſtand gazing on it, and diſregard an earthquake. Take away your picture—the wealth of Genoa would be too little to pay for this Virginia—Take it away—

Romano.

Honor ſufficiently rewards the artiſt—I preſent it to you. (*Offers to go away*)

Fieſco.

Stay, Romano! (*He walks majeſtically up and down the room, ſeeming to reflect on ſomething of im-*

portance—ſometimes he caſts a quick and penetrating glance at the others—at laſt he takes ROMANO *by the hand, and leads him to the picture*). Come hither, painter—(*with dignified pride*) So ſelf-contented ſtand'ſt thou there, becauſe thou animateſt the dead canvaſs with unreal life, and, at no hazard, canſt immortalize heroic actions? Thy boaſt is nothing but the glow of fiction, the idle play of fancy: it wants a heart, a ſpring of daring action. Thou overthroweſt tyrants on thy tablet, and art thyſelf a miſerable ſlave. Thou freeſt nations with thy pencil, but thine own chains thou canſt not break aſunder. (*In a loud and commanding tone*) Go! Thy work is trifling. Let appearance give way to action! (*with haughtineſs, overturning the picture*) I have done, what thou—haſt only painted. (*All ſtruck with aſtoniſhment—* ROMANO *carries away the picture, in confuſion*).

SCENE XVIII.

The Former, except ROMANO.

Fieſco.

(*After a pauſe*) Did you ſuppoſe the lion ſlept, becauſe he ceas'd to roar? Did your vain thoughts perſuade you, that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa? That none but you durſt break them? Before you knew their weight, Fieſco had already broken them. (*He*

opens a ſcrutoire, takes out a parcel of letters, and throws them on the table) Theſe bring ſoldiers from Parma—Theſe, French money—Theſe, four gallies from the Pope—What now is wanting to hurl the tyrant from his throne? Tell me, what think you wanting? (*All ſtand ſilent with aſtoniſhment*—FIESCO *ſteps forward, with a look of conſcious dignity*) Republicans, you waſte your time in curſes, when you ſhould overturn the tyrant. (*All but* VERRINA *throw themſelves at* FIESCO's *feet.*)

Verrina.

Fieſco—my ſpirit bends to thine—but my knee cannot. Thy ſoul is great—but—Riſe Genoeſe! (*They riſe.*)

Fieſco.

All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fieſco: all Genoa curs'd the profligate Fieſco. Genoeſe, Genoeſe, my amours have blinded the cunning deſpot. My wild exceſſes ſerved to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Conceal'd beneath the cloak of luxury, the infant plot grew up—Enough—I'm known ſufficiently to Genoa, in being known to you. I have attained my utmoſt wiſh.

Bourgognino.

(*Throwing himſelf indignantly into a chair*) Am I, then, nothing?

Fieſco.

But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepar'd—I can ſtorm the city by ſea and land—Rome, France, and Parma cover me—The nobles are diſaffected—The hearts of the populace are mine—I have lull'd to ſleep the tyrants—The ſtate is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting.—But Verrina is loſt in thought—

Bourgognino.

Patience!—I have a word to ſay which will more quickly rouſe him than the trumpet of the laſt day—(*going to* VERRINA, *calls out to him emphatically*) Father! awake!—Thy Bertha will deſpair.

Verrina.

Who ſpoke thoſe words!—Genoeſe, to arms!

Fieſco.

Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanc'd upon our diſcourſe: Genoa is wrapt in ſleep: The tyrant wearied by the ſins of the day, ſinks down to reſt.—Watch for the tyrant! For your country!

Bourgognino.

Let us, before we part, conſecrate our heroic union by an embrace! (*they form a circle, with*

joined arms) Here unite five of the braveſt hearts in Genoa, to decide their country's fate. (*All embrace eagerly*) When the univerſe ſhall fall aſunder, and the eternal ſentence ſhall cut in twain the bonds of conſanguinity and love—Then may this five-fold band of heroes remain entire!

(*They ſeparate.*)

Verrina.

When ſhall we next aſſemble?

Fieſco.

At noon, to-morrow, I'll hear your ſentiments.

Verrina.

Well—at noon to-morrow—Good night, Fieſco! Come, Bourgognino—you will hear ſomething wonderful.

[*Exeunt* VERRINA *and* BOURGOGNINO.

Fieſco.

(*To the others*) Depart by the back-gates, that Doria's ſpies may not ſuſpect us.

[*Exeunt* SACCO *and* CALCAGNO.

SCENE XIX.

FIESCO, *ſolus.*

Walking up and down, in meditation) What a tumult is in my breaſt! What a concourſe of

dark, uncertain images! Like guilty wretches ſtealing out in ſecret to do ſome horrid deed, with trembling ſteps, and bluſhing faces bent toward the ground, theſe flattering phantoms glide athwart my ſoul. Stay—Stay—Let me examine you more cloſely——A virtuous thought ſtrengthens the heart of man, and boldly meets the day—Ha! I know you, robed in the livery of Satan—Avaunt!—(*a pauſe—he continues with energy*) FIESCO *the Patriot?—The Duke* FIESCO?—Peace! On this ſteep precipice the boundaries of virtue terminate: heaven and hell are ſeparated. Here have heroes ſtumbled, here have they fallen, and left behind a name loaded with curſes—Here, too, have heroes paus'd, here check'd their courſe, and riſen to immortality. (*More vehemently*) To know the hearts of Genoa mine! To govern with a maſter's hand this formidable ſtate!—O artifice of ſin, that maſks each devil with an angel's face! Fatal ambition! Everlaſting tempter! Won by thy charms, angels abandoned heaven, and Death ſprung from thy embraces. (*Shuddering*) Thy ſyren voice draws angels from their celeſtial manſions: Man thou enſnareſt with beauty, riches, power. (*After a pauſe—in a firm tone*) To gain a diadem is *great*—To reject it is *divine*. (*Reſolutely*) Periſh the tyrant! Let Genoa be free—and I—(*much affected*) will be its happieſt citizen.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Midnight. A dreary Wilderneſs.

VERRINA *and* BOURGOGNINO *entering.*

Bourgognino.

(*Stands ſtill*)—But whither are you leading me, father. The heavy grief that hung upon your mind when firſt you bade me follow you, ſtill ſeems to labor in your panting breaſt. Break this dreadful ſilence!—Speak! I will go no further.

Verrina.

This is the place.

Bourgognino.

You could not chooſe a ſpot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpoſe be like the place —Father—my hair will ſtand upright with horror.

Verrina.

Yet it is bright and cheerful to the gloom that enwraps my ſoul. Follow me to yon church-yard, where Corruption preys on the mould'ring carcaſes, and Death holds his abhorred feaſt—where ſhrieks of tormented ſouls delight the liſtening devils, and ſorrow ſheds her fruitleſs tears into the never-filling urn.—There my ſon, where the condition of this world is changed, and God's indulgence ceaſes—there will I ſpeak to thee in agony, and thou ſhalt hear me with deſpair.

Bourgognino.

Hear! what! I conjure you, father.

Verrina.

Youth!—I fear—Youth, thy blood is warm and roſy, thy fleſh is ſoft and tender—Such natures are alive to human kindneſs—This warmth of feeling melts my obdurate wiſdom. If the froſt of age, or ſorrow's leaden preſſure had check'd the ſprightly vigor of thy ſpirits—If black congealed blood had cloſed the avenues of thy heart againſt the approaches of humanity—Then would thy mind be ſuited to the language of my grief, and thou wouldſt look with admiration on my project.

Bourgognino.

I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

Verrina.

Not ſo, my ſon—Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on this breaſt.—A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vaſt to be contained within the breaſt of man! Mark me—my hand alone ſhall execute the deed; but my mind alone cannot ſupport the weighty ſecret. If I were proud, Scipio, I might ſay, Greatneſs unſhared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himſelf, and he created angels to partake his counſels—Hear, Scipio!

Bourgognino.

My ſoul devours thy words.

Verrina.

Hear! But anſwer nothing—Nothing, young man!—Obſerve me—Not a word—Fieſco muſt die—

Bourgognino.

(*Struck with aſtoniſhment*) Die! Fieſco!

Verrina.

Die.—I thank thee, God, the word is ſpoken—Fieſco muſt die.—My ſon—die by my hand.—Now go! There are deeds too high for human judgment. They appeal alone to Heaven's tribunal. Such an one is this. Go! I neither want thy blame nor approbation. I know my

inward ſtruggles, that is ſufficient. But hear! Theſe thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madneſs.—Hear! Didſt thou obſerve yeſterday with what pride he viewed his greatneſs reflected from our wondering countenances? The man whoſe ſmiles deceived all Italy, will he endure in Genoa his equals? Go! 'Tis certain that Fieſco will overthrow the tyrant.—'Tis as certain he will become a tyrant ſtill more dangerous. (*Exit haſtily.* BOURGOGNINO *looks after him with ſurpriſe, and ſpeechleſs, then follows ſlowly.*)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in FIESCO'S *Houſe. In the Middle of the back Scene a Glaſs Door, through which is ſeen a View of the Sea and* GENOA. *Day-break.*

Fieſco.

(*At the window*) The moon is down—The morning riſes fiery from the ſea—Wild fancies have diſpelled my ſleep, and drawn together all my faculties round one idea.—Let me breathe the pure freſh-blowing air—(*he opens the glaſs door: the town and ſea appear red with the tint of morning.* FIESCO *walking up and down the room: with energy*)—I, the greateſt man in Genoa! And ſhould not little ſouls bend down before the great? —But is not this to trample upon virtue? (*ſtands*

ſtill)—Virtue?—The elevated being feels not the vulgar impulſe—Shall he ſhare the vulgar virtues? Can the armour, which encaſes the pigmy's feeble body, be ſuited to the giant? (*The ſun riſes over* GENOA.)—This majeſtic city mine! (*ſpreading out his arms as if to embrace it*)—To flame above it like the god of day! To ſpread over it the ſtrong protection of a kingly arm! To plunge my ardent wiſhes into this unfathomable ocean!—Surely, whate'er the guilt of the attempt, 'twill be ennobled by a prize ſo ſplendid! The petty thief meets only with contempt. The plunderer of thouſands is thought audacious.—But he who ſeizes on a crown, gains deathleſs honor. As guilt extends its ſphere, the infamy decreaſes, (*a pauſe, then with energy*)—To obey, or to command! I ſtand upon the giddy precipice of a chaſm, which can be filled by nothing human. In vain the conqueror would bring his trophies—the artiſt his ſublime productions—the epicure his pleaſures. To obey, or, to command! To exiſt, or, be annihilated!—The ſpace between them is as wide as from the loweſt ſeraph to the Almighty. (*In an elevated tone*) From that awful height to look ſecurely down upon the buſy ſcene, which fortune with capricious ſway directs! To quaff the deepeſt draughts from the rich cup of pleaſure! To hold the law itſelf in chains, a frowning captive, and ſee it ſtruggle with fruitleſs efforts againſt

the power of majeſty!—To curb the ſtubborn paſſions of the people, and guide them like ſoaming ſteeds, indignantly ſubmitting to the bit!—With a breath to quell the riſing pride of vaſſals, whilſt the Prince can with the motion of his ſceptre call to life even the dreams of his diſordered fancy! Ah! What thoughts are theſe! which urge the aſtoniſhed mind beyond the boundaries of nature. *Prince*—On one moment hang thy faireſt hopes! 'Tis the exalted ſtation that gives to life its value. The murmurs, which compoſe the thunder's ſound, might ſingly lull to ſleep an infant; their united craſh can rend the eternal vault of Heaven.—I am determined! (*Walking up and down majeſtically.*)

SCENE III.

FIESCO. LEONORA, (*entering with a Look of Anxiety*).

Leonora.

Pardon me, Count. I fear, I interrupt your morning reſt.

Fieſco.

(*Steps back with aſtoniſhment*) Indeed, Madam, you ſurpriſe me very unexpectedly.

Leonora.

That cannot happen among thoſe that love.

Fieſco.

Charming Counteſs, you expoſe your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

Leonora.

I know not why I ſhould preſerve its ſmall remains for grief to feed on.

Fieſco.

Grief, my love! I thought that to be free from cares of ſtate was happineſs—

Leonora.

It may be ſo—but my weak female heart, even amidſt this happineſs is breaking. I come, Sir, to trouble you with a trifling requeſt, if you can ſpare a moment's time to hear me. Theſe ſeven months paſt I have indulged the idle dream of being Counteſs of Lavagna. It now has paſt away, and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleaſures of my innocent childhood, I muſt ſeek relief to my diſordered ſpirits.—Permit me, therefore, to return into the arms of my good mother—

Fieſco.

(Much ſtruck) Counteſs!

Leonora.

My heart is a poor trembling thing, which you ſhould pity. Even the leaſt remembrance

of my viſionary joy might wound my ſickly fancy. I therefore reſtore the laſt memorials of your kindneſs to their juſt owner. (*She lays ſome trinkets on the table*) This too, that like a dagger ſtruck my heart (*preſenting a letter*) This too!—(*going to ruſh out of the door in tears*) And I will retain nothing, but the wound.

Fieſco.

(*Agitated, haſtens after her, and detains her.*) For God's ſake, ſtay!

Leonora.

(*Falls into his arms, exhauſted*) To be your wife was more than I deſerved.—But ſhe who was your wife deſerved at leaſt *reſpect*. How will the wives and maidens of Genoa look down upon me! "See," they will ſay, "how fades the haughty female whoſe vanity aſpired to Fieſco!"— Cruel puniſhment of my pride!—I triumphed over my whole ſex, when my Fieſco led me to the altar—

Fieſco.

Madam!

Leonora.

'Tis well—He changes colour—I revive.

Fieſco.

Wait only two days; Counteſs—Then judge my conduct—

Leonora.

To be ſacrificed.—Let me not ſpeak it in thy chaſte preſence, O thou Virgin Day!—To be ſacrificed to a ſhameleſs wanton!—Look on me, my huſband!—Ah, ſurely thoſe eyes that make all Genoa tremble, muſt hide themſelves before a weeping woman—

Fieſco.

(*Extremely confuſed*) No more, Signora!—No more—

Leonora.

(*With a melancholy look of reproach*) To rend the heart of a poor helpleſs female!—Oh, it is worthy of that manly ſex. Into theſe arms I threw myſelf, and on their ſtrength repoſed my feminine weakneſs.—To him, I truſted the heaven of my hopes.—The generous man beſtowed it on ———

Fieſco.

(*Interrupting her, with vehemence*) No—my Leonora!

Leonora.

My Leonora!—Heaven, I thank thee!—Theſe were the ſounds of love yet unalloyed.—I ought to hate thee, faithleſs man! And yet I fondly graſp the ſhadow of thy tenderneſs.—Hate! ſaid I?—hate Fieſco?—Oh, believe it not!

—Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee—I did not know my heart—

(THE MOOR *is heard approaching.*)

Fieſco.

Leonora!—Grant me one trifling favor—

Leonora.

Every thing, Fieſco,—but indifference—

Fieſco.

Well, well. (*ſignificantly.*) 'Till Genoa be two days older, do not aſk—Do not condemn me—(*leads her politely to another apartment.*)

SCENE IV.

FIESCO—THE MOOR, (*entering haſtily.*)

Fieſco.

Whence come you, thus out of breath?

Moor.

Quick, my Lord!

Fieſco.

Has any thing run into the net?

Moor.

Read this letter.—Am I really here? Methinks Genoa is become ſhorter by twelve ſtreets,

or elſe my legs are ſo much longer. You change colour—Yes, yes—They play at cards for lives, and yours is the chief ſtake. How do you like it?

Fieſco.

(*Throws the letter on the table with horror*) Thou woolly-pated raſcal! How cameſt thou by that letter?

Moor.

Much in the ſame way that your Grace will gain the ſtate.—An expreſs was ſent with it toward Levanto. I ſmelt out the buſineſs: waylaid the fellow in a narrow paſs. diſpatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither—

Fieſco.

His blood be on thee!—As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

Moor.

Yet I will be content with ſilver for it. (*Serioufly, and with a look of importance*)—Count of Lavagna! 'Twas but the other day I fought your life. To day (*pointing to the letter*) I have preſerved it. Now I think his Lordſhip and the ſcoundrel are even. My further ſervice is an act of friendſhip—(*preſents another paper*)—Number two!—

Fieſco.

(*Receives it with aſtoniſhment*)—Art thou mad?

Moor.

Number two—(*with an air of conſequence*)—The Lion has not acted fooliſhly in pardoning the mouſe.—Ah! 'Twas a deed of policy. Who elſe could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was ſurrounded? Now, Sir—How like you that?

Fieſco.

Fellow, how many devils haſt thou in pay?

Moor.

But one, Sir, at your ſervice, and he is in your Grace's keeping.

Fieſco.

What!—Doria's ſignature! Whence doſt thou bring this paper?

Moor.

Freſh from the hands of my Diana.—I went to her laſt night, tempted her with your charming words, and ſtill more charming ſequins. The laſt prevailed—She bade me call early in the morning. The Count had been there as you foretold, and paid for his forbidden joys, with this depoſit.

Fieſco.

Oh theſe vile women's ſlaves!—They would govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a ſecret from a harlot.—By theſe papers I learn that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven ſenators, and to place Gianettino on the throne.

Moor.

Even ſo.—And *that* upon the morning of the ducal election—the third of this month.

Fieſco.

(*Vehemently*) The night of our enterprize ſhall ſmother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, Haſſan! My affairs are ripe. Collect thy fellows. We will prevent our adverſaries in this bloody buſineſs. Be active, Haſſan!

Moor.

I have a budget full of news beſide. Two thouſand ſoldiers are ſmuggled luckily into the city. I've lodg'd them with the Capuchins, where not even a prying ſun-beam can eſpy them. They burn with eagerneſs to ſee their leader. They are fine fellows!

Fieſco.

Each head of them ſhall yield to thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my gallies?

Moor.

Oh, I've a pleaſant ſtory of them, my Lord—Above four hundred adventurers whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, beſought my people to recommend them to your Grace, to fight againſt the Infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace-court.

Fieſco.

(*Pleaſed*) I could almoſt embrace thee, raſcal.—A maſterly ſtroke!—Four hundred, ſaid'ſt thou?—Genoa is in my power—Four hundred crowns are thine—

Moor.

(*With an air of confidence*) Ah, Fieſco! We two will pull the ſtate in pieces, and ſweep away the laws as with a beſom.—You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garriſon—lads that I can reckon on as ſurely as on a trip to hell. Now I've ſo laid my plans, that at each gate we have among the guard at leaſt ſix of our creatures, who will be enough to overcome the others by perſuaſion, or by wine.—If you wiſh to riſk a blow to-night you'll find the centinels all drench'd with liquor.

Fieſco.

Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vaſt machine myſelf. Shall I now beg aſſiſtance from ſo vile a ſlave as thee? Give me thy hand—

Whate'er the *Count* remains indebted to thee, the *Duke* ſhall pay.

Moor.

And here, too, is a note from the Counteſs Imperiali. She beckon'd to me from her window, when I went up, received me graciouſly—aſked me ironically if the Counteſs of Lavagna had not been lately troubled with the ſpleen—Does your Grace, ſaid I, enquire but for one perſon?

Fieſco.

(*Having read the note, throws it aſide*) Well—What anſwer made ſhe?

Moor.

She anſwered that ſhe ſtill lamented the fate of the poor widow—that ſhe was willing to give her ſatisfaction, and meant to forbid your Grace's attentions.

Fieſco.

(*With a ſneer*) Which, of themſelves, may poſſibly be ended before the day of judgment. Is that all thy buſineſs, Haſſan?

Moor.

(*Ironically*) My Lord, the affairs of the ladies, are next to thoſe of ſtate.

Fieſco.

Without a doubt, and theſe eſpecially. But for what purpoſe are theſe papers?

Moor.

To remove one plague by another—Theſe powders the Signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

Fieſco.

(*Starting*)—Gave thee!

Moor.

Donna Julia, Counteſs Imperiali—

Fieſco.

(*Snatching them from him eagerly*) If thou lieſt, raſcal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind ſhall whirl thee nine times round with every blaſt—The powders?

Moor.

(*Impatiently*) I am to give your wife, mix'd with her chocolate—So Donna Julia Imperiali ordered me.

Fieſco.

(*Enraged*)—Monſter! monſter!—This lovely creature!—Is there room for ſo much hell within a female boſom?—And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that haſt fruſtrated it through ſuch a devil. Wondrous are thy ways!—(*To the* MOOR)—Swear to me to obey, and keep this ſecret.

Moor.

Very well. That I can eaſily do—ſhe paid me ready money.

Fieſco.

This note invites me to her.—I'll be with you, Madam, and bring you hither. Well, now haſte thee, and call together the conſpirators.

Moor.

This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own riſk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock preciſely.

Fieſco.

I hear the ſound of footſteps—They are here. Fellow, thy villainy deſerves a gallows of its own, on which no ſon of Adam was ever yet ſuſpended. Wait in the antichamber, 'till I call for thee.

Moor.

The Moor has done his work—The Moor may go. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

FIESCO,—VERRINA—BOURGOGNINO—CALCAGNO—SACCO.

Fieſco.

(*Meeting them*) The tempeſt is approaching;

the clouds ruſh together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be lock'd.

Verrina.

Eight chambers have I made faſt behind me. Suſpicion cannot come within a hundred ſteps of us.

Bourgognino.

Here is no traitor, unleſs our fear become one.

Fieſco.

Fear cannot paſs my threſhold. Welcome he, whoſe mind remains the ſame as yeſterday. Be ſeated—(*they ſeat themſelves*).

Bourgognino.

(*Walking up and down*) I do not like to ſit in cold deliberation, when action calls upon me.

Fieſco.

Genoeſe, this hour is eventful.

Verrina.

Thou haſt challeng'd us to propoſe a plan for the dethroning of the tyrant. Demand of us—we are here to anſwer thee.

Fieſco.

Firſt, then, a queſtion, which as it comes ſo late you may think ſtrange—*Who* is to fall?—(*A pauſe*)

Bourgognino.

(*Leaning over* FIESCO's *chair with an expreſſive look*)—The Tyrants.

Fieſco.

Well ſpoken. The Tyrants. I intreat you weigh well the importance of the *Word*—He who but pretends to trample on the liberties of Genoa—who has it in his power—who elſe ſhould be the tyrant?

Verrina.

The firſt I hate—I fear the latter. Let Andreas Doria fall.

Calcagno.

(*With emotion*) Andreas! The old Andreas! —Who perhaps to-morrow may pay the debt of nature.

Sacco.

Andreas!—That mild old man!

Fieſco.

Formidable is that old man's mildneſs, O my friend—the brutality of Gianettino only deſerves contempt. "Let Andreas fall." There ſpoke thy wiſdom, Verrina.

Bourgognino.

The chain of iron, and the cord of ſilk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas periſh.

Fieſco.

(*Going to the table*) The ſentence then is paſt upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it—(*they all ſign.*) The queſtion *who* is ſettled. (*They ſeat themſelves again*)—*How*, muſt be next determined. Speak firſt, Calcagno.

Calcagno.

We muſt execute it, either as ſoldiers or aſſaſſins. The firſt is dangerous, becauſe we muſt have many confidants. 'Tis alſo doubtful, becauſe the people's hearts are not all for us. To act the ſecond we have five good daggers. Two days hence, high maſs will be performed in the Lorenzo church—both the Dorias will be preſent. In the houſe of God, even a tyrant's cares are lull'd to ſleep.—I have done.

Fieſco.

(*Turning away*) Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis deteſtable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

Sacco.

Calcagno's reaſons pleaſe me, but the means he chooſes, my mind revolts at. It were better, Fieſco, that you ſhould invite the uncle and the nephew to a feaſt, where encircled by republicans they might receive their death either upon the dagger's point, or from a draught of Cyprian wine. This method is at leaſt *convenient*.

Fieſco.

(*With horror*) Ah, Sacco! What if the wine their dying tongues ſhall taſte become for us torments of burning pitch in hell?—Away with this advice! Speak thou, Verrina.

Verrina.

An open heart ſcorns a diſſembling countenance. Aſſaſſination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances ſword in hand. I propoſe to give aloud the ſignal of revolt, and boldly rouſe the patriots of Genoa to vengeance—(*he ſtarts from his ſeat, the others do the ſame*).

Bourgognino.

(*Embracing him*) And with armed hand wreſt Fortune's favors from her. This is the voice of honor, and my own.

Fieſco.

And mine. Shame on you, Genoeſe! (*to* SACCO, *and* CALCAGNO)—Fortune has already done too much for us, let ſomething be our own. Therefore open revolt!—And that, Genoeſe, this very night—(VERRINA *and* BOURGOGNINO *aſtoniſhed—the others terrified*).

Calcagno.

What! To-night! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too ſmall.

Sacco.

To-night! And nought prepared. The day declines,

Fieſco.

Your doubts are reaſonable, but read theſe papers *(he gives them* GIANETTINO'S *papers, and walks up and down with a look of ſatisfaction whilſt they read them eagerly)*—Now, farewell thou proud and haughty ſtar of Genoa, that didſt ſeem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightneſs. Knewеſt thou not that the majeſtic ſun himſelf muſt quit the heavens, and yield his ſceptre to the radiant moon. Farewell, thou ſtar, Doria!

Bourgognino.

(After reading the papers) This is horrible.

Calcagno.

Twelve victims at a blow!

Verrina.

To-morrow in the ſenate-houſe!

Bourgognino.

Give me theſe papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very ſtones will riſe in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl againſt the tyrant.

All.

Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!—This very night!

Fieſco.

Now you have reach'd the point. At ſun-ſet I will invite hither the principal malcontents. All thoſe that ſtand upon the bloody liſt of Gianettino. Beſides, the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Veſodimari, all mortal enemies of the houſe of Doria; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtleſs, will embrace my plan with eagerneſs.

Bourgognino.

I doubt it not.

Fieſco.

Above all things, we muſt render ourſelves maſters of the ſea. Gallies and ſeamen I have ready. The twenty veſſels of the Dorias are diſmantled, and may be eaſily ſurpriſed. The entrance of the inner harbour muſt be block'd up, all hope of flight cut off. If we ſecure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

Verrina.

Doubtleſs.

Fieſco.

Then we muſt ſeize the ſtrongeſt poſts in the city, eſpecially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading to the harbour, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias muſt be ſurpris'd within their palaces, and kill'd. The bells muſt

toll—The citizens be call'd upon to ſide with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favor us, you ſhall hear the reſt in the ſenate.

Verrina.

The plan is good. Now for the diſtribution of our parts.

Fieſco.

(Significantly) Genoeſe, you chooſe me, of your own accord, as chief of the conſpiracy. Will you obey my further orders?

Verrina.

As certainly as they ſhall be the beſt.

Fieſco.

Verrina, doſt thou know the principle of all warlike enterpriſe? Inſtruct him, Genoeſe. It is *ſubordination.* If your will be not ſubjected to my own—Obſerve me well—If I be not the head of the aſſociation, I am no more a member.

Verrina.

A life of freedom is well worth ſome hours of ſlavery. We obey!

Fieſco.

Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city, and inform me of the ſtrength or weakneſs of the ſeveral poſts. Let another find out the watch-word. A third muſt ſee the gallies

are prepared. A fourth conduct the two thouſand ſoldiers into my palace-court. I myſelf will make all preparations here for the evening, and paſs the interval perhaps in play. At nine preciſely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders—*(rings the bell.)*

Verrina.

I take the harbour.

Bourgognino.

I the ſoldiers.

Calcagno.

I'll learn the watch-word.

Sacco.

I'll reconnoitre Genoa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

FIESCO. MOOR.

Fieſco.

(Seated at a deſk, and writing) Did they not ſtruggle againſt the word *ſubordination*, as the inſect againſt the needle which transfixes it?—But 'tis too late, republicans.

Moor.

(Entering) My Lord—

Fieſco.

(*Riſing, gives him a paper*) Invite all thoſe whoſe names are written here, to ſee a play this evening at my palace.

Moor.

Perhaps to act a part—and pay the admittance with their throats.

Fieſco.

(*In a haughty and contemptuous manner*)—When that is over, I'll no longer detain thee here in Genoa. (*Going, throws him a purſe*) This is thy laſt employment. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

MOOR *ſolus.*

(*Taking up the purſe ſlowly, and looking after* FIESCO *with ſurpriſe*) Are we then on theſe terms?—"I will detain thee in Genoa no longer"—That is to ſay, tranſlated from the Chriſtian language into my heathen tongue "When I am Duke I ſhall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoeſe gallows."—Hum!—He fears, becauſe I know his tricks, my talk may bring his honour into danger when he is Duke.—When he is Duke? Hold, maſter Count! That event remains to be conſidered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands—Thou art loſt unleſs I warn

thee of thy danger. Now if I go and diſcover the plot, I ſave the Duke of Genoa no leſs than his exiſtence and his dukedom, and gain at leaſt this hat full of gold for my reward—(*going, ſtops ſuddenly*)—But ſtay, friend Haſſan, Thou art going on a fooliſh errand. Suppoſe this ſcene of riot is prevented, and nothing but *good* is the reſult—Pſha! what a curſed trick my avarice would then have play'd me! Come, Devil, help me to make out what promiſes the greateſt miſchief—To cheat Fieſco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fieſco ſucceeds, then Genoa may proſper—Away!—That muſt not be. If this Doria eſcape, then all remains as 'twas before, and Genoa is quiet—That's ſtill worſe. Aye, but to ſee theſe rebels' heads upon the block!—Hum!—On the other hand, 'twould be amuſing to behold the illuſtrious Dorias in this evening's maſſacre the victims of a raſcally Moor—No—This doubtful queſtion a Chriſtian might perhaps reſolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Mooriſh head. I'll go, propoſe it to ſome learned man. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment in the Houſe of the Counteſs IMPERIALI.

JULIA, *in a Diſhabille*—GIANETTINO *enters agitated.*

Gianettino.

Good evening, ſiſter.

Julia.

(*Riſing*) It muſt be ſomething extraordinary which brings the Prince of Genoa to his ſiſter.

Gianettino.

Siſter, you are continually ſurrounded by butterflies, and I by waſps. How is it poſſible that we ſhould meet. Let us ſit down.

Julia.

You almoſt excite my curioſity.

Gianettino.

Siſter, when did Fieſco viſit you laſt?

Julia.

A ſtrange queſtion!—As if I burthened my memory with ſuch trifles.

Gianettino.

However, you muſt tell me.

Julia.

Well—He was here yeſterday.

Gianettino.

And behaved without reſerve?

Julia.

As uſual.

Gianettino.

As much a coxcomb as ever?

Julia.

(*Offended*) Brother!

Gianettino.

(*More vehemently*) I ſay—as much a coxcomb—

Julia.

(*Riſes, with indignation*)—Sir!—What do you take me for?

Gianettino.

(*Keeps his ſeat—ſarcaſtically*)—For a mere woman, wrapt up in her nobility. This in confidence. No one is by to hear us.

Julia.

(*Enraged*) "In confidence!"—Impertinent! You preſume upon the credit of your uncle. "No one by to hear us!"

Gianettino.

Don't be angry, my dear. I'm pleaſed to hear that Fieſco is ſtill a coxcomb. That's what I wiſhed to know. Your ſervant—(*going*).

SCENE IX.

The Former—LOMELLINO, *entering.*

Lomellino.

(*To* JULIA, *reſpectfully*) Pardon my boldneſs, gracious Lady. (*To* GIANETTINO) Certain affairs which cannot be delayed—

(GIANETTINO *takes him aſide.* JULIA *ſits down angrily at the Piano-Forte, and plays an Allegro.*)

Gianettino.

(*To* LOMELLINO) Is every thing prepared for to-morrow?

Lomellino.

Every thing, Prince—But the courier who was diſpatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted—I'm much alarmed—

Gianettino.

Fear nothing. You have that liſt at hand?

Lomellino.

(*Embarraſſed*) My Lord—The liſt?—I do not know—I think 'tis left at home.

Gianettino.

Well—Would that Spinola were but here.

Fieſco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken meaſures for it.

Lomellino.

But it will cauſe a great confuſion.

Gianettino.

In that lies our ſecurity. Common crimes but move the blood, and ſtir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and annihilate the faculties of man. You know the fabled power of Meduſa's head—They who but looked on it were turned to ſtone. To animate this ſtone requires no common effort.

Lomellino.

Have you informed the Counteſs of it?

Gianettino.

Peace! We muſt treat more tenderly her attachment to Fieſco. When the fruit is gone, the flavor will be ſoon forgotten. Come—I expect this evening troops from Milan, and muſt give orders at the gates for their reception. (*To* JULIA)—Well, ſiſter, has the muſic charmed away your anger?

Julia.

Go! You're a rude, unmanner'd creature.

(GIANETTINO *going, meets* FIESCO.)

SCENE X.

FIESCO *enters.*

Gianettino.

(*Stepping back*) Ha!

Fieſco.

(*With politeneſs*) Prince, you ſpare me a viſit which I juſt now propoſed to pay.

Gianettino.

And I, too, Count, am pleaſed to meet you here.

Fieſco.

(*Approaching* JULIA *reſpectfully*) Your charms, Signora, always ſurpaſs expectation.

Julia.

Pſha! that's a doubtful compliment—But—I'm in diſhabille—Excuſe me, Count—(*going.*)

Fieſco.

Stay, beauteous Lady. An undreſs beſt becomes the female form. Permit me to unlooſe theſe treſſes.

Julia.

You men are always apt to cauſe confuſion.

Fieſco.

(*With a ſmile to* GIANETTINO) In dreſs, as in the ſtate—Is it not ſo? (*To* JULIA.) This ribbon too is aukwardly put on. Your Laura's ſkill may ſtrike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me arrange it—(*She ſits down, he regulates her dreſs.*)

Gianettino.

(*Aſide to* LOMELLINO) Poor fellow!

Fieſco.

(*Engaged about her dreſs*) Surely, Counteſs, this will be a pattern to all the ladies in Genoa (*leading her to a glaſs.*) May I have the honor, Signora, of attending you abroad?

Julia.

Diſſembling flatterer!—But I've a head-ache, and will ſtay at home—

Fieſco.

Pardon me, Counteſs. You *may* be ſo cruel, but certainly you *will* not.—To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrived at my palace. Moſt of the Genoeſe ladies will be preſent this evening at their performance, and I ſhould be uncertain whom to place in the chief box, without offending others. There is but one expedi-

ent—(*making a low bow.*)—If you would condeſcend, Signora—

Julia.

(*Confuſed, retiring to a ſide-apartment*)—Laura!

Gianettino.

(*Approaching* FIESCO) Count, you remember an unpleaſant circumſtance—

Fieſco.

(*Interrupting him*) Prince, I hope we've both forgot it. The actions of us men are regulated by our knowledge of each other. It is my fault that you knew me ſo imperfectly.

Gianettino.

At leaſt, I ſhall never think of it without begging your pardon from my inmoſt ſoul.

Fieſco.

Nor I without forgiving you from my inmoſt ſoul.—(JULIA *returns, her dreſs a little altered.*)

Gianettino.

Count, I juſt now recollect that you are going to cruize againſt the Turks—

Fieſco.

This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had ſome apprehenſions from which my friend Doria's kindneſs may deliver me.

Gianettino.

(Obſequiouſly) Moſt willingly. Command my utmoſt influence.

Fieſco.

The circumſtance might cauſe a concourſe toward the harbour, and about my palace, which the Duke your uncle might miſinterpret.

Gianettino.

(In a friendly manner) I'll manage that for you. Continue your preparations, and may ſucceſs attend your enterprize!

Fieſco.

(With a ſmile) I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.

The Former *A* GERMAN *of the Body Guard.*

Gianettino.

What's the matter?

German.

Paſſing by the gate of St. Thomas, I obſerved a number of armed ſoldiers haſtening toward the harbour. The gallies of the Count Fieſco were preparing to put to ſea.

Gianettino.

Is that all? Trouble yourſelf no more about it.

German.

Very well. From the convent of the Capuchins came alſo ſome ſuſpicious people. They ſtole cautiouſly acroſs the market-place. From their appearance I ſhould ſuppoſe them ſoldiers.

Gianettino.

(*Angrily*) How officious is this blockhead!—(*To* LOMELLINO, *aſide*)—Theſe are undoubtedly my Milaneſe.

German.

Does your Grace command that they ſhall be arreſted?

Gianettino.

(*Aloud to* LOMELLINO)—Look to them, Lomellino.—(*Vehemently to the* GERMAN) Begone!—'Tis all well—(*Aſide to* LOMELLINO) Bid that German beaſt be ſilent. [*Exeunt* LOMELLINO *and* GERMAN.)

Fieſco.

(*In another part of the room with* JULIA—*looks toward* GIANETTINO.) Our friend Doria ſeems diſpleaſed. May I know the reaſon?

Gianettino.

It's no wonder—So troubled as I am with theſe eternal meſſages, (*Exit haſtily.*)

Fieſco.

The play awaits us too, Signora. May I offer you my hand?

Julia.

Stay, let me take my cloak. I hope 'tis not a tragical performance. They always haunt me in my dreams.

Fieſco.

(*Sarcaſtically*) Oh!—'Twill excite immoderate laughter.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Night. The Court of FIESCO's *Palace. The Lamps lighted. Perſons carrying in Arms. A Wing of the Palace illuminated. An Heap of Arms on one Side of the Stage.*

BOURGOGNINO *leading a Band of Soldiers.*

Bourgognino.

HALT! Let four centinels be ſtationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. (*The centinels take their poſts.*) Let every one that chooſes enter, but none depart. If any one attempt to force his way, run him through! (*Goes with the reſt into the palace. The centinels walk up and down. A pauſe.*)

SCENE II.

ZENTURIONE *entering.*

Centinel at the Gate.

(*Calls out*) Who goes there?

Zenturione.

A Friend of Lavagna. (*Goes acroſs the court to the door of the palace on the right.*)

Centinel there.

Back!

(ZENTURIONE *ſtarts, and goes to the door on the left.*)

Centinel on the left.

Back!

Zenturione.

(*Stands ſtill with ſurprize. A pauſe. Then to the centinel on the left*) My friend, which is the way to the theatre?

Centinel.

I don't know.

Zenturione.

(*Walks up and down with increaſing ſurprize—then to the centinel on the right*) My friend, when does the play begin?

Centinel.

I don't know.

Zenturione.

(*Aſtoniſhed, walks up and down: perceives the weapons, alarmed*) Friend, what mean theſe?

Centinel.

I don't know.

Zenturione.

(*Wraps himself up in his cloak, frightened*) Strange!

Centinels at the Gate.

(*Calling out*) Who goes there?

SCENE III.

The Former—ZIBO.

Zibo.

(*Entering*) A friend of Lavagna.

Zenturione.

Zibo, where are we?

Zibo.

What mean you?

Zenturione.

Look round you, Zibo!

Zibo.

Where?—What?

Zenturione.

All the doors are guarded!

Zibo.

Here are arms—

Zenturione.

No one that will anſwer—

Zibo.

'Tis ſtrange!

Zenturione.

What is it o'clock?

Zibo.

Paſt eight.

Zenturione.

How cold it is!

Zibo.

Eight was the hour appointed.

Zenturione.

(Shaking his head) Things don't go right here.

Zibo.

Fieſco means to jeſt with us—

Zenturione.

To-morrow will be the ducal election. Zibo, things don't go right here.

Zibo.

Huſh! Huſh!

Zenturione.

The right wing of the palace is full of lights.

Zibo.

Do you hear nothing?

Zenturione.

A confuſed murmuring within—and—

Zibo.

The ſound of clattering arms—

Zenturione.

Horrible! Horrible!

Zibo.

A carriage—It ſtops at the gate.

Centinels at the Gate.

(Calling out) Who goes there?

SCENE IV.

The Former—Four of the ASSERATO *Family.*

Aſſerato.

(Entering) A friend of Fieſco.

Zibo.

They are the four Aſſerati.

Zenturione.

Good evening, friends!

Aſſerato.

We are going to the play.

Zibo.

A good journey to you!

Aſſerato.

Don't you go with us?

Zenturione.

Walk on. We'll only take the air awhile here.

Aſſerato.

'Twill ſoon begin. Come! (*Going.*)

Centinel.

Back!

Aſſerato.

What does this tend to?

Zenturione.

(*Laughing*) To keep you from the palace.

Aſſerato.

Here's ſome miſtake—

Zibo.

That's plain enough.

(*Muſic is heard in the right wing.*)

Aſſerato.

Do you hear the ſymphony? The comedy is going to begin.

Zenturione.

I think it has begun, and we are here to act the fools.

Zibo.

I'm not too warm here—I'll go home.

Aſſerato.

Arms here?

Zibo.

Poh!—Mere play-houſe articles.

Zenturione.

Shall we ſtand here waiting, like ghoſts upon the banks of Acheron? Come, let us to a tavern.

(*All ſix go toward the gate.*)

Centinels.

(*Calling out loudly*) Back!—Back!—

Zenturione.

'Sdeath! We are caught.

Zibo.

My ſword ſhall open a paſſage—

Aſſerato.

Put it up. The Count's a man of honor.

Zibo.

We are betrayed—The comedy was a bait to catch us, and we're entrapp'd.

Aſſerato.

Heaven forbid! I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.

The Former—VERRINA, SACCO, *and* NOBLES.

Centinels.

Who goes there?

Verrina.

Friends of the houſe. (*Seven nobles enter with him.*)

Zibo.

Theſe are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

Sacco.

(*In converſation with* VERRINA) 'Tis as I told you. Laſcaro is on guard at the St. Thomas Gate, the beſt officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

Verrina.

I'm glad of it.

Zibo.

(*To* VERRINA) Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the myſtery.

Verrina.

How ſo? What mean you?

Zenturione.

We are invited to a comedy.

Verrina.

Then we are going the ſame way.

Zenturione.

(*Impatiently*) Yes—The way of all fleſh. You ſee the doors are guarded.—Why guard the doors?

Zibo.

Why theſe centinels?

Zenturione.

We ſtand here like criminals beneath the gallows.

Verrina.

The Count will come himſelf.

Zenturione.

'Twere beſt that he made haſte. My patience begins to fail.

(*All the* NOBLES *walk up and down in the background.*)

Bourgognino.

(*Coming out of the palace, to* VERRINA) How goes it in the harbour?

Verrina.

They're all got ſafe on board.

Bourgognino.

The palace is full of ſoldiers.

Verrina.

'Tis almoſt nine.

Bourgognino.

The Count is long in coming.

Verrina.

And yet too quick to gain his wiſhes—Bourgognino!—There is a thought which freezes me.

Bourgognino.

Father, be not too haſty.

Verrina.

It is impoſſible to be too haſty, where delay is fatal. I muſt commit my ſecond murder, to juſtify the firſt.

Bourgognino.

But—When muſt Fieſco fall?

Verrina.

When Genoa is free.

Centinels.

Who goes there?

SCENE VI.

The Former—FIESCO.

Fieſco.

(*Entering*) A friend—(*The* NOBLES *bow*—*The* CENTINELS *preſent their arms*) Welcome my worthy gueſts! You muſt have been diſpleaſed at my long abſence—Pardon me—(*In a low voice to* VERRINA.) Ready?

Verrina.

(*In the ſame manner*) As you would wiſh.

Fieſco.

(*To* BOURGOGNINO) And you?

Bourgognino.

Quite prepared.

Fieſco.

(*To* SACCO) And you?

Sacco.

All's right.

Fieſco.

And Calcagno?

Bourgognino.

Is not yet arrived.

Fieſco.

(*Aloud to the* CENTINELS) Make faſt the gates! —(*He takes off his hat, and ſteps forward with dignity toward the aſſembly*)

My friends—I have invited you hither to a play—Not as ſpectators, but to act in it a moſt important part—

Long enough have we borne the inſolence of Gianettino Doria, and the uſurpation of Andreas. My friends, would we deliver Genoa, no time is to be loſt. For what purpoſe think you are thoſe twenty gallies which beſet our harbour? For what purpoſe the alliances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For what purpoſe the foreign force which they have drawn together, even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To ſave all we muſt hazard every thing. A deſperate diſeaſe requires a deſperate remedy. Is there one baſe enough in this aſſembly, to own an equal

for his maſter?—(*murmurs*)—There is not one whoſe anceſtors did not ſtand round the cradle of infant Genoa. What—By all that's ſacred! What have theſe two citizens to boaſt of, that they ſhould urge their daring flight ſo far above our heads?—(*increaſing murmurs*)—Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight the cauſe of Genoa againſt its tyrants. No one can yield a hair's breadth of his rights, without betraying the ſoul of the whole ſtate. (*Interrupted by violent commotions — he proceeds*) You feel your wrongs, then every thing is gained. I have already paved your way to glory—Genoeſe, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Thoſe ſigns of war which you juſt now beheld with horror, muſt awaken your heroiſm. Your anxious ſhuddering muſt warm into a glorious zeal, that you may unite your efforts with this patriotic band to overthrow the tyrant. Succeſs will crown the enterprize, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cauſe is juſt, for Genoa ſuffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vaſt and glorious—

Zenturione.

(*Vehemently agitated*) Enough—Genoa ſhall be free! Be this our ſhout of onſet againſt hell itſelf—

Zilo.

And may he who is not rouzed by it, pant at

the ſlaviſh oar, till the laſt trumpet break his chains—

Fieſco.

Spoken like men—Now you deſerve to know the danger that hung over yourſelves and Genoa. (*Gives them the papers of the* MOOR) Lights, ſoldiers! (*The* NOBLES *croud about the lights and read*—FIESCO *aſide to* VERRINA) Friend, it went as I could wiſh.

Verrina.

Be not too certain. Upon the left I ſaw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

Zenturione.

(*Enraged*) Twelve ſenators!—Infernal villainy! Seize each a ſword—(*all, except two, eagerly take up the weapons that lie in readineſs*).

Zibo.

Thy name too, Bourgognino, is written there.

Bourgognino.

Ay, and if heaven permit, it ſhall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

Zenturione.

Two ſwords remain—

Zibo.

Ah! What ſay'ſt thou?

Zenturione.

Two amongſt us have not taken ſwords.

Aſſerato.

My brothers cannot bear the ſight of blood—pray ſpare them—

Zenturione.

(*Vehemently*) What! Not a tyrant's blood! Tear them to pieces—Cowards! Let the baſtards be driven from the republic—(*ſome of the aſſembly attack the two* ASSERATI.)

Fieſco.

(*Reſtraining them*) Ceaſe! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to ſlaves? Shall our pure gold be debaſed by this alloy! (*he diſengages them*) Gentlemen, you muſt be content to take up your abode within my palace until our buſineſs be decided. (*To the* CENTINELS) Theſe are your priſoners: you anſwer for their ſafety. Guard them with loaded arms. (*They are led off—a knocking heard at the gate.*)

Centinel.

Who is without?

Calcagno.

(*Without, eagerly*) Open the gate! A friend—for God's ſake open!

Bourgognino.

It is Calcagno—Heavens! What can this mean!

Fieſco.

Open the gate, ſoldiers.

SCENE VII.

The Former—CALCAGNO, *out of Breath.*

Calcagno.

All's loſt! All's loſt! Fly every one that can!

Bourgognino.

What's loſt? Have they fleſh of braſs, and are our ſwords made of ruſhes?

Fieſco.

Conſider, Calcagno—An error now is fatal.

Calcagno.

We are betrayed—Your Moor, Lavagno, is the raſcal. I come from the ſenate-houſe. He had an audience of the Duke.

Verrina.

(*With a reſolute tone to the* CENTINELS) Soldiers, let me ruſh upon your halberts. I will not periſh by the hangman's hands. (*The aſſembly ſhew marks of confuſion.*)

Fieſco.

(*Firmly*) What are you about? 'Sdeath, Calcagno!—Friends, 'tis a falſe alarm. (*To* CALCAGNO) Woman that thou art, to tell theſe boys this tale.—Thou, too, Verrina—and thou, Bourgognino! Whither would'ſt thou go?

Bourgognino.

Home—to kill my Bertha—and then return to fall with thee.

Fieſco.

(*Burſting into a loud laugh*) Stay! Stay! is this the valour that muſt puniſh tyrants? Well didſt thou play thy part, Calcagno. Did you not perceive that this alarm was my contrivance? Speak, Calcagno—Was it not my order that you ſhould put theſe Romans to this trial?

Verrina.

Well, if you can laugh, I'll believe you—or you muſt be more than mortal—

Fieſco.

Shame on you, men, to fail in ſuch a boyiſh trial! Reſume your arms—you muſt fight moſt bravely to atone for this diſgrace. (*In a low tone to* CALCAGNO) Were you there yourſelf?

Calcagno.

I made my way among the guards, to hear, as

was my buſineſs, the watch-word from the Duke. As I was returning the Moor was brought—

Fieſco.

(*Aloud*) So the old man is gone to bed—We'll drum him out of his feathers—(*Low*) Did he talk long with the Duke?

Calcagno.

(*Low*) My ſudden fright, and your impending danger, drove me away in haſte—

Fieſco.

(*Aloud*) See, how our countrymen ſtill tremble—

Calcagno.

(*Aloud*) You ſhould have carried on the jeſt. (*Low*) For God's ſake, friend, what will this artifice avail us?

Fieſco.

'Twill gain us time, and diſſipate the firſt panic. (*Aloud*) Ho! bring wine here! (*Low*) Did the Duke turn pale? (*Aloud*) Well, brothers, let us drink ſucceſs to this night's entertainment! (*Low*) Did the Duke turn pale?

Calcagno.

The Moor's firſt word muſt have been *Conſpiracy*; for the old man ſtep'd back as pale as aſhes.

Fieſco.

(*Confuſed*) Hum! the devil is an artful counſellor: the Moor was cunning, he betray'd nothing till the knife was at their throat. Now he's indeed their ſaviour. (*Wine is brought, he drinks to the aſſembly*)—Comrades, ſucceſs! (*A knocking is heard*).

Centinels.

Who is without?

A Voice.

A guard of the Duke's. (*The* NOBLES *diſperſe about the court.*)

Fieſco.

(*Stepping forward*) No, my friends. Be not alarm'd—I am here—Quick, remove theſe arms—Be men, I intreat you—This viſit makes me hope, that Andreas ſtill doubts our plot. Retire into the palace: recall your ſpirits. Soldiers, throw open the gate! (*They retire, the gate is opened.*)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. (*As if coming from the Palace*) *Three* GERMAN SOLDIERS *bringing* THE MOOR, *bound.*

Fieſco.

Who call'd for me?

Germans.

Bring us to the Count.

Fieſco.

The Count is here, who wants me?

German.

(Preſenting his arms) Greeting from the Duke —he delivers up to your Grace, this Moor in chains, who hath baſely ſlander'd you: the reſt this note will tell.

Fieſco.

(Takes it with an air of indifference) Have I not threaten'd thee already with the gallies? *(To the* GERMAN) Very well, my friend, my reſpects to the Duke.

Moor.

(Hallooing after them) Mine too—and tell him, the Duke, I mean, had he not made an aſs his meſſenger, he would have learnt that two thouſand ſoldiers are concealed within theſe palace walls. [*Exeunt* GERMANS, *the* NOBLES *return.*

SCENE IX.

FIESCO—*the Conſpirators*—MOOR, *(looking at them unconcerned.)*

The Conſpirators.

(Shuddering at the ſight of the MOOR*)* Ha! what means this?

Fieſco.

(After reading the note, with ſuppreſſed anger)

Genoeſe, the danger is paſt—but the conſpiracy is likewiſe ended—

Verrina.

What! (*aſtoniſhed*) Are the Dorias dead?

Fieſco.

(*Violently agitated*) By heavens! I was prepar'd to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveleſs man, with his pen, annihilates three thouſand ſoldiers. (*His hands ſink down*) Doria overcomes Fieſco!

Bourgognino.

Speak, Count, we are amaz'd!

Fieſco.

(*Reading*) "Lavagna, your fate reſembles mine: benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot: I ſend him back to you in chains, and ſhall ſleep to-night without a guard." (*He drops the paper—the reſt look at each other.*)

Verrina.

Well, Fieſco?

Fieſco.

(*With dignity*) Shall Doria ſurpaſs me in magnanimity? Shall the race of Fieſco want this one virtue? No, by my life—Diſperſe—I'll go, and own the whole—

Verrina.

(*Stopping him*) Art thou mad? Was then our enterpriſe ſome thieviſh act of villainy? Stay! Was it not our country's cauſe? Stay! Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the Tyrant? Stay! I arreſt thee as a traitor to thy country.

Conſpirators.

Bind him, throw him down—

Fieſco.

(*Snatching up a ſword, and making way through them*) Peace! Who will be the firſt to throw the cord around the Tiger?—See, Genoeſe, I ſtand here at liberty, and might depart unhurt; but I will *not* depart. My reſolution's chang'd.

Bourgognino.

Have you conſulted the voice of duty?

Fieſco.

(*Haughtily*) Boy, thou may'ſt learn from my example not to dictate to me—Peace, Genoeſe! our plan remains unalter'd. (*To the* MOOR, *whoſe cords he cuts with a ſword.*) Thou haſt had the merit of creating a noble act—Fly!—

Calcagno.

(*Enraged*) What! ſhall that ſcoundrel live, who has betray'd us all!

Fieſco.

Live—though he has frighten'd all of you. Away, my lad! See that thou turn thy back on Genoa: they might wiſh to exerciſe their bravery upon thee.

Moor.

So then, the devil does not forſake his friends. Your ſervant, Gentlemen. I ſee that Italy does not produce my halter; I muſt go ſeek elſewhere for it. [*Exit laughing.*

SCENE X.

FIESCO—*Conſpirators—Enter Servant.*

Servant.

The Counteſs Imperiali has already aſk'd three times for your Grace.

Fieſco.

Ha! then the comedy muſt indeed begin. Tell her I come directly. Deſire my wife to haſten to the concert room, and there remain conceal'd behind the tapeſtry. (*Exit ſervant.*) In theſe papers your ſeveral ſtations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbour, and when the ſhips are ſeiz'd, will fire a ſhot, as ſignal for the general attack. I now leave you,

upon important buſineſs: when you ſhall hear a bell, come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within. (*They depart into the palace.*)

SCENE XI.

The Concert-Room—LEONORA, ARABELLA, *and* ROSA. (*In apparent anxiety.*)

Leonora.

Fieſco promis'd to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis paſt eleven. The ſound of arms and men rings through the palace, and no Fieſco comes.

Roſa.

You muſt conceal yourſelf behind the tapeſtry —What can the Count intend?

Leonora.

He directs me, and I obey. Why ſhould I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats with apprehenſion. Damſels, for Heaven's ſake, do not leave me.

Arabella.

Fear nothing: we are too timid to abandon you.

Leonora.

Where'er I turn my eyes, ſtrange ſhapes appear, with hollow and diſtracted countenances.

On whomſoever I call, they tremble like criminals, and withdraw from ſight, into the thickeſt gloom, a fit retreat for guilty conſciences. Whate'er they anſwer falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh, Fieſco! what horrid buſineſs doſt thou meditate! Ye heavenly powers! watch over my Fieſco!

Roſa.

Oh, heavens! what noiſe is that without?

Arabella.

It is the ſoldier who ſtands there as centinel. (*The centinel without calls "Who goes there?"*)

Leonora.

Some one approaches. Quick! behind the curtain—(*they conceal themſelves.*)

SCENE XII.

JULIA, *and* FIESCO, *in Converſation.*

Julia.

Ceaſe, Count! Your paſſion no longer meets with an indifferent ear, but fires the raging blood. Where am I? Nought but ſeducing night is here. Whither has your artful converſation led me?

Fieſco.

To this ſpot, where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unreſtrained.

Julia.

Hold, Fieſco! for Heaven's ſake ſay no more! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone, which hides the glowing crimſon of my cheeks, elſe would'ſt thou pity me.

Fieſco.

Rather, Julia, thy bluſhes would inflame my feelings, and urge them to their utmoſt height. (*Kiſſes her hand eagerly.*)

Julia.

Thy countenance is glowing as thy words. Ah! and my own too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I intreat thee, let us ſeek the light. The tempting darkneſs might lead aſtray the ſenſes, and in the abſence of the modeſt day, might ſtir them to rebellion. Haſte, I conjure thee, leave this ſolitude!

Fieſco.

(*More preſſing*) Why ſo alarm'd, my love? you know your empire over me.

Julia.

O man, eternal paradox! then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our ſelf-conceit. Shall I confeſs, Fieſco? It was my vice alone that could protect my virtue: it was my pride that ſav'd my honor. Thus far

my principles prevailed: your arts were foiled until you rous'd my blood—then vaniſh'd principle—

Fieſco.

(*With levity*) And what loſs was that?

Julia.

(*With emotion*) What loſs! no leſs than all, if I yield up my honor a ſlave to thy caprice.

Fieſco.

And yet, my Julia, where could'ſt thou beſtow more worthily this treaſure, than on my endleſs paſſion?

Julia.

Moſt worthily! moſt unprofitably — How long, Fieſco, will this endleſs paſſion laſt? But I've advanc'd too far to heſitate. In my charms I truſted to captivate thee. To preſerve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Alas! what am I ſaying! (*hides her face with her hands.*)

Fieſco.

You have urg'd two groundleſs charges, at once accuſing your charms, and my fidelity. Which is the greateſt crime?

Julia.

(*Tenderly*) Deceit is baſe. Fieſco needs it not to gain his Julia. (*After a pauſe, energetically*)

Hear, Fieſco! One word more.—When we know our virtue is in ſafety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children; *(wildly)* Furies when we avenge it. Hear me! Should'ſt thou ſtrike me to the heart with coldneſs—

Fieſco.

(Aſſuming an angry tone) Coldneſs, coldneſs! Heavens! what does the inſatiable vanity of woman look for, if ſhe even doubt the man that proſtrate in the duſt adores her?—Ha! my ſpirit is awaken'd: my eyes at length are opened. *(With an air of coldneſs)* What was this mighty ſacrifice? Man dearly purchaſes a woman's higheſt favors by the ſlighteſt degradation. *(Bowing ceremoniouſly)* Take courage, Madam: you are ſafe.

Julia.

(With aſtoniſhment) Count! what mean you?

Fieſco.

(With great indifference) True, Madam—You judge moſt rightly: we both have riſk'd our honor. *(Bowing politely)* I will await your preſence with my gueſts. *(Going.)*

Julia.

(Stops him) Stay, art thou mad? Muſt I then declare a paſſion, which the whole race of man, upon their knees, in tears, ſhould not extort from my determined pride? Alas! in vain the

darkneſs ſtrives to hide the bluſhes which betray my guilt—Fieſco—I wound the pride of all my ſex—my ſex will all deteſt me—Fieſco—I adore thee—

Fieſco.

(*Stepping back, and laughing with exultation*) That I am ſorry for, Signora—(*rings the bell—draws the tapeſtry, and diſcovers* LEONORA) Here is my wife—A lovely woman! (*embracing her*)

Julia.

(*With a ſhriek*)—Unheard of treachery!

SCENE XIII.

The CONSPIRATORS, *entering in a Body*—LADIES, *on the other ſide*,—FIESCO, JULIA, *and* LEONORA.

Leonora.

Oh, my huſband, that was too cruel!

Fieſco.

A wicked heart deſerved no leſs. I ow'd this ſatisfaction to your tears. (*To the company*) No, my friends—I am not wont to kindle with the flames of irritation. The follies of mankind amuſe me long ere they excite my anger; but this woman merits my whole reſentment. Behold the poiſon which ſhe had mingled for my Leonora. (*Shews the poiſon to the company—they ſtart with horror*)

Julia.

(Biting her lips with rage) Good! Good! Very good, Sir! *(Going)*

Fieſco.

(Leads her back by the arm) You muſt have patience, Madam; ſomething elſe remains.—My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debaſed my reaſon with the farce of love for this unworthy woman.

Julia.

(Starting up) It is not to be borne—But tremble! Doria rules in Genoa—And I am his ſiſter—

Fieſco.

Poor, indeed, if that be the only ſting. Know that Fieſco of Lavagna has changed the diadem of your illuſtrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic *(ſhe is ſtruck with terror—he continues with a ſarcaſtic laugh)* Ha! that was unexpected. 'Twas for this purpoſe that I tried to blind the eyes of the Dorias. For this I ſtoop'd to a diſguſting paſſion, *(pointing to* JULIA). For this, *(pointing to* LEONORA) I caſt away this precious jewel, and by the ſhining bait enſnared my prey. I thank you for your complaiſance, Signora, *(to* JULIA) and return the trappings of my aſſumed character. *(delivers her the miniature with a bow.)*

Leonora.

(*To* FIESCO, *in a ſupplicating manner*) She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, intreat you?

Julia.

(*Enraged, to* LEONORA) Silence, deteſted woman!

Fieſco.

(*To a ſervant*) Be alert, my friend: attend this lady. She has a mind to ſee my priſon-chamber. See that none approach to incommode her. The night is cold abroad: the ſtorm which is about to ſplit the ſtem of the Dorias may, perhaps, too rudely blow againſt her.

Julia.

Curſe on thee, black, deteſted hypocrite! (*Enraged, to* LEONORA) Rejoice not thou, in this thy triumph! He will deſtroy thee alſo, and himſelf. Deſpair! (*ruſhing out*)

Fieſco.

(*To the gueſts*) You were witneſſes: let your report in Genoa preſerve my honor. (*To the* CONSPIRATORS) Call on me as ſoon as the cannon gives the ſignal. (*All the gueſts retire.*)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA, *and* FIESCO.

Leonora.

(*Approaching with anxiety*) Fieſco? Fieſco? I underſtand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

Fieſco.

(*Significantly*) Leonora! I once ſaw you yield the place of honor to another female. I ſaw you in the preſence of the nobles, receive the ſecond compliment. Leonora, that ſight tormented me. I reſolv'd it ne'er ſhould be again—Nor ever ſhall it be. Do you hear the warlike noiſe which echoes through my palace? What you ſuſpect, is true. Retire to reſt, a Counteſs—to-morrow I will hail you Dutcheſs of Genoa—

Leonora.

(*Claſping her hands together, and throwing herſelf into a chair*) O God! My very fears! I am undone—

Fieſco.

(*Serioufly, and with dignity*) Let me ſpeak out, my love. Two of my anceſtors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fieſco's flows not pure, unleſs beneath the purple. Shall your huſband only reflect a borrow'd ſplendor! (*In a more lively manner*) What! ſhall he owe his

rank to capricious chance alone, which, from the monuments of mouldering greatneſs, has patch'd up this Fieſco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others, what my own merits may lay claim to. This night, the hereditary titles of my anceſtors ſhall return to deck their tombs—Lavagna's Counts exiſt no longer—A race of Princes ſhall begin.

Leonora.

(*Mournfully, and giving way to imagination*) I ſee my huſband fall, transfix'd by deadly wounds —(*in a hollow voice*) I ſee them bear towards me, my huſband's mangled corpſe—(*ſtarting up*) The firſt—the only ball has ſtruck Fieſco—

Fieſco.

(*Tenderly ſeizing her hand*) Be calm, my love —No ball will ſtrike me—

Leonora.

(*Looking ſtedfaſtly at him*) Does Fieſco ſo confidently challenge Heaven—If in the ſcope of countleſs poſſibilities, one lot alone were adverſe to thee, that lot might happen, and I ſhould loſe my huſband—Think that thou ventureſt Heaven, Fieſco; and though a million chances were againſt thy loſs, would'ſt thou yet tempt the Almighty, by riſking on a die thy hopes of everlaſting happineſs. No, my huſband—When

thy whole being is at ſtake, each throw is blaſphemy.

Fieſco.

Be not alarmed. Fortune is more my friend.

Leonora.

Thinkeſt thou ſo, Fieſco? Behold the eager circle intent upon the agitating play, which they call paſtime. Obſerve this ſly deceiver, Fortune, how ſhe allures her votary with gradual favors, till heated with ſucceſs, he turns to raſhneſs, and ventures all upon a ſingle ſtake. Then, in the important moment, ſhe forſakes him, a prey to wretchedneſs. Huſband, thou goeſt not to ſhew thyſelf to Genoa, and be ador'd—'Tis no light taſk to rouſe the ſlumbering multitude, and turn them looſe, like the unbridled ſteed, before unconſcious of his hoofs. Truſt not theſe rebels. The wiſe among them, even while they inſtigate thy valour, fear it: the vulgar worſhip thee, with ſenſeleſs but unſteady adoration. Where'er I look, Fieſco is undone.

Fieſco.

(*Pacing the room, in great emotion*) To be irreſolute, is the moſt certain danger. He that aſpires to greatneſs, muſt be daring.

Leonora.

Greatneſs, Fieſco! Alas! thy towering ſpirit

ill accords with the fond wiſhes of my heart. Should fortune favor thy attempt—ſhould'ſt thou obtain dominion—Alas! I then ſhall be but the more wretched.—Condemn'd to miſery if thou fail—if thou ſucceed, to miſery ſtill greater.—Here is no choice but evil. Unleſs he gain the Ducal power, Fieſco periſhes—if I embrace the Duke, I loſe my huſband.

Fieſco.

I underſtand you not.

Leonora.

Ah! my Fieſco, in the ſtormy atmoſphere that ſurrounds a throne, the tender plant of love muſt periſh. The heart of man, even of Fieſco, is not vaſt enough, for two all-powerful Idols—Idols, ſo hoſtile to each other.—Love has tears, and feels the tears of others. Ambition has eyes of ſtone, from which, no drops of tenderneſs can e'er diſtil. Love views creation with neglect, except one favor'd object: Ambition with inſatiable hunger, rages amid the ſpoil of nature. Ambition changes the immenſe world itſelf, into one dark and horrid priſon-houſe: Love paints in every deſert, a viſionary paradiſe. Whenever thou wouldſt recline upon my boſom, the cares of empire, the rebellion of valſals, would fright away repoſe—If I ſhould throw myſelf into thy arms, thy deſpot fears would hear a murderer ruſhing forth to ſtrike

thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, dark-ey'd ſuſpicion would at laſt o'erwhelm even domeſtic concord—If thy Leonora's tenderneſs ſhould offer thee a refreſhing draught, thou would'ſt with horror puſh away the goblet, and call it poiſon—

Fieſco.

(*Starting*) Leonora, ceaſe! Theſe thoughts are dreadful.

Leonora.

And yet the picture is not finiſhed. Let love be ſacrific'd to greatneſs; let peace of mind be ſacrific'd, if but Fieſco remain unchang'd. O God! that thought is torture—An unſpotted mind ſeldom aſcends the throne—but far more ſeldom, does it wield the ſceptre uncorrupted. Can he know pity, who is rais'd above the common fears of man? Will he ſpeak the accents of compaſſion, whoſe words are followed by the thunder-bolt of law? (*She ſtops, then timidly advances, and takes his hand with a look of tender reproach*) Prince Fieſco! Thoſe raſh projects that ſpurn the laws of nature, always fall as far below the dignity they aſpire to, as they have tower'd above humanity.

Fieſco.

(*Walking about, much agitated*) Leonora, ceaſe!

Reflection is too late—The bridge is rais'd behind me—

Leonora.

(*With a look of tenderneſs*) And why, my huſband? The paſt alone is hopeleſs. Thou once didſt ſwear (*more reproachfully*) that all thy projects vaniſhed before my beauty. Hypocrite! thou haſt forſworn thyſelf—or elſe my charms have early wither'd. Aſk thy own heart, where lies the blame? (*More ardently, and throwing her arms round him.*) Return, Fieſco! Recall thy wandering mind! Yield to my intreaties! Love ſhall reward thee. If my heart cannot appeaſe thy inſatiate paſſions, O Fieſco, the diadem will be ſtill poorer—Come, I'll learn the inmoſt wiſhes of thy heart—We'll melt together all the charms of nature, into one kiſs of love, to retain for ever, in theſe heavenly bonds, the illuſtrious captive. As thy heart is infinite, ſo ſhall be my paſſion. To be the ſource of happineſs to a being, who places all its heaven in thee, Fieſco!—

Fieſco.

(*With great emotion*) Leonora—what haſt thou done? (*he falls about her neck*) I ſhall never more dare to meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.

Leonora.

(*With lively expreſſion*) Let us fly, Fieſco!

Let us with ſcorn reject theſe gaudy nothings; and paſs our happy days only in the retreats of love! (*ſhe preſſes him to her breaſt with rapture*) Our ſouls ſerene as the unclouded ſky, ſhall never more be blacken'd by the pois'nous breath of ſorrow: our life ſhall flow harmoniouſly as the muſic of the murmuring brook. (*A cannon-ſhot is heard*—FIESCO *diſengages himſelf*—*all the* CONSPIRATORS *enter.*)

SCENE XIV.

Conſpirators.

The moment is arrived.

Fieſco.

(*To* LEONORA *firmly*) Farewell, for ever, unleſs Genoa to-morrow be laid ſubject at thy feet. (*Going to ruſh out.*)

Bourgognino.

(*Cries out*) The Counteſs faints! (LEONORA *in a ſwoon*—*all run to ſupport her.*)

Fieſco.

(*Kneeling before her, in a tone of deſpair*) Leonora! Save her! For Heaven's ſake, ſave her! (ROSA *and* ARABELLA *run to her aſſiſtance*) She lives—She lives—(*Jumps up reſolutely*) Now let us ſeek Doria! (CONSPIRATORS *ruſh out.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

After Midnight. The great Street of Genoa. A few Lamps, almoſt extinguiſhed. In the Back-ground is ſeen the Gate of St. Thomas, which is ſhut. Men paſs over the Stage with Lanterns. The Patrol go their Round. Afterwards, every thing is quiet, except the Waves of the Sea, which are heard at a Diſtance, rather tempeſtuous.

FIESCO *(entering armed, and ſtopping before the Doria Palace)* and ANDREAS.

Fieſco.

THE old man has kept his word. The lights are all extinguiſh'd in the palace—The guards diſmiſs'd—I'll ring. *(Rings at the gate)* Ho! Halloo! Awake, Doria! Thou art betray'd. Awake! Halloo! Halloo!

Andreas.

(Appearing on the balcony) Who rings there?

Fieſco.

(*In a feigned voice*) Aſk not, but follow me! Duke, thy ſtar has ſet; Genoa is in arms againſt thee. The executioners are near, and canſt thou ſleep, Andreas?

Andreas.

(*With dignity*) I remember when the ſea contended with my gallant veſſel—when her keel crack'd, and the wind ſplit her topmaſt. Andreas then ſlept ſoundly. Who ſends theſe executioners?

Fieſco.

A man more dreadful than the raging ſea, of whom thou ſpeakeſt—John Louis Fieſco.

Andreas.

(*Laughs*) You jeſt, my friend. Come in the day-time to play your tricks. Midnight ſuits them badly.

Fieſco.

Do you mock your preſerver?

Andreas.

I thank him, and retire to reſt. Fieſco, wearied with his rioting, ſleeps regardleſs of Doria.

Fieſco.

Wretched old man! Truſt not the artful ſerpent. Its back is deck'd with beauteous colours;

but when you would approach to view it, you are ſuddenly entwined within its deadly folds. You laugh'd at the perfidious Moor. Do not deſpiſe the counſels of a friend. A horſe ſtands ready ſaddled for you—Fly, while you have time.

Andreas

Fieſco has a noble mind. I never injured him, and he will never betray me.

Fieſco.

Fieſco has a noble mind, yet he betrays thee.

Andreas.

There is a guard, which would defy Fieſco's power, unleſs he led againſt them legions of ſpirits.

Fieſco.

(*Contemptuouſly*) That guard will quickly viſit the regions of eternity.

Andreas.

(*In an elevated manner*) Vain babbler! Knoweſt thou not that Andreas has ſeen his eightieth year, and that Genoa beneath his rule is happy? (*Leaves the balcony.*)

Fieſco.

(*Looks after him with aſtoniſhment*) Muſt I then deſtroy this man, before I have learnt how difficult it is to equal him? (*He walks up and down*

ſome time in meditation) Hum!—'Tis paſt, Andreas. I have repaid the debt of greatneſs. Deſtruction, take thy courſe! (*He haſtens into a remote ſtreet. Drums are heard on all ſides. A hot engagement at the St. Thomas Gate. The gate is forced, and opens a proſpect into the harbour, in which lie ſeveral ſhips with lights on board.*)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO (*in a ſcarlet Mantle*)—LOMELLINO—(*Servants going before them with Torches*).

Gianettino.

(*Stops*) Who was it that commanded the alarm to be beat?

Lomellino.

A cannon was fired on board one of the gallies.

Gianettino.

The ſlaves will break their chains.

(*Firing heard at the Gate of St.* THOMAS.)

Lomellino.

Hark!—A ſhot!

Gianettino.

The gate is open. The guards are in confu-

ſion! (*To the ſervants*) — Quick, ſcoundrels! Light us to the harbour. (*Going haſtily toward the gate.*)

SCENE III.

The Former. BOURGOGNINO *with ſome* CONSPIRATORS *coming from the Gate of St. Thomas.*

Bourgognino.

Sebaſtian Laſcaro was a brave ſoldier; he defended himſelf like a bear, 'till he fell.

Gianettino.

(*Steps back frightened*) What do I hear?— (*to his ſervants*) Stop!

Bourgognino.

Who are thoſe yonder, with torches?

Lomellino.

(*To* GIANETTINO) Prince, they are enemies. Turn to the left.

Bourgognino.

(*Calls to them eagerly*)—Who goes there with the torches?

Zenturione.

Stand! Your watch-word?

Gianettino.

(*Draws his ſword fiercely*) Submiſſion, and Doria—

Bourgognino.

(*Foaming with rage*) Violator of the republic, and of my bride! (*To the* CONSPIRATORS, *ruſhing upon* GIANETTINO)—Brothers, this ſhortens our labor. His devils themſelves deliver him into our hands—(*runs him through with his ſword*).

Gianettino.

(*Falling*) Murder! Revenge me, Lomellino—

Lomellino & Servants.

(*Flying*)—Help! Murder! Murder!

Zenturione.

(*Hallooing with vehemence*) Doria's ſtruck. Stop the Count Lomellino!—(LOMELLINO *is taken*).

Lomellino.

(*Kneeling*) Spare but my life, I'll join your party.

Bourgognino.

(*Looking at* GIANETTINO) Is this monſter yet alive? Let the coward fly. (LOMELLINO *eſcapes.*)

Zenturione.

St. Thomas' Gate our own—Gianettino ſlain. —Haſte ſome of you, and tell Fieſco.

Gianettino.

(*Heaving himſelf from the ground in agony*) Fieſco! Damnation!——(*Dies.*)

Bourgognino.

(*Pulling the ſword out of* GIANETTINO'S *body*) Freedom to Genoa, and to my Bertha! Your ſword, Zenturione.—Take to my bride this bloody weapon—Her dungeon is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and give her the bridal kiſs. (*they ſeparate through different ſtreets.*)

SCENE IV.

ANDREAS DORIA—GERMANS.

A German.

The ſtorm drove that way. Mount your horſe, Duke.

Andreas.

Let me caſt a parting look at Genoa's towers. No—It is not a dream. Andreas is betray'd.

German.

The enemy is all around us.—Away!—Fly! —Beyond the boundaries.

Andreas.

(*Throwing himſelf upon the dead body of his nephew*) Here will I die. Let no one talk of flight. Here lies the ſtrength of my old age—My career is ended.

(CALCAGNO *appears at a diſtance, with* CONSPIRATORS.)

German.

Danger is near. Fly, Prince! (*Drums beat.*)

Andreas.

Hark, Germans, hark! Theſe are the Genoeſe whoſe chains I broke. (*Hiding his face*) Do *your* countrymen thus recompenſe their benefactors?

German.

Away! Away! Away! While we ſtay here and find employment for their ſwords—

(CALCAGNO *comes nearer.*)

Andreas.

Save yourſelves! Leave me—and go, declare the horrid ſtory to the ſhuddering nations, that Genoa ſlew its Father.

German.

Slew! 'sdeath, that ſhall not be. Comrades, ſtand firm: ſurround the Duke. (*They draw their*

ſwords) Teach theſe Italian dogs to reverence his grey head.

Calcagno.

(*Calls out*) Who goes there? What have you?

German.

German blows—(*retreat fighting, and carry off the body of* GIANETTINO.)

SCENE V.

LEONORA—ARABELLA *following*—(*they walk along timidly.*)

Arabella.

Come, my Lady, pray let us haſten onward.

Leonora.

That way the tumult rages—Hark! was not that a dying groan? Ah, they ſurround him! At Fieſco's breaſt they point their fatal muſquets —At my breaſt they point them. Hold! Hold! It is my huſband.

Arabella.

For Heaven's ſake, my Lady!

Leonora.

(*With wild enthuſiaſm, calling on all ſides*) Fieſco! my Fieſco! my Fieſco! His firmeſt friends deſert him. The faith of rebels is un-

ſteady—(*ſhuddering*) Rebels! Heaven! Is my Fieſco then a chief of rebels?

Arabella.

No, Signora. He is the great Deliverer of Genoa.

Leonora.

(*Emphatically*) Ha! that would indeed be glorious. And ſhall Leonora tremble? Shall the braveſt citizen be wedded to the moſt timid female? Go, Arabella! When men contend for empires, even a woman's ſoul may kindle into valour. (*Drums again heard*) I'll ruſh among the combatants.

Arabella.

(*Claſping her hands together*) All-gracious Heaven!

Leonora.

Peace! What is that my foot ſtrikes againſt? Here is a hat. And here a mantle—a ſword too! (*ſhe lifts it up*) a heavy ſword, my Arabella; but I may drag it with me, and the ſword never can diſgrace its bearer.

(*The Alarm-Bell ſounds.*)

Arabella.

Hark! Hark! How terrible it ſounds from the tower of the Dominicans! God have mercy on us!

Leonora.

(*Enthuſiaſtically*) Rather ſay, how delightful! In the majeſtic ſound of this alarm-bell my Fieſco ſpeaks to Genoa. (*Drums are heard louder.*) Ha! Never did flutes ſo ſweetly ſtrike my ear. Even theſe drums are animated by Fieſco. My heart beats higher. All Genoa is rouſed: the very mercenaries follow his name with tranſport —and ſhall his wife be fearful? (*Alarm-bells ſound from three other towers.*) No—my hero ſhall embrace a heroine. My Brutus ſhall embrace a Roman wife. I'll be his Portia. (*Putting on the hat, and throwing the ſcarlet mantle round her.*)

Arabella.

My gracious Lady, how wildly do you rave! (*Alarm-bells and drums are heard.*)

Leonora.

Cold-blooded wretch! that doſt not rave thyſelf amidſt theſe ſcenes—Go—I'll purſue my way alone.

Arabella.

Great God! You will not act thus madly?

Leonora.

(*With heroic haughtineſs*) Weak girl! I will. (*With great animation*) Where the tumult moſt wildly rages—Where Fieſco himſelf leads on the combat—I hear them aſk, "Is that Lavagna,

the unconquered hero, who with his ſword decides the lot of Genoa? Is that Lavagna?" Yes, I will ſay, yes, Genoeſe, that is Lavagna: and that Lavagna is my huſband.

Sacco.

(*Entering with* CONSPIRATORS, *calls out*) Who goes there?—Doria, or Fieſco?

Leonora.

(*Boldly*) Fieſco and liberty! (*Retires into another ſtreet—A tumult,* ARABELLA *loſt in the crowd.*)

SCENE VI.

SACCO, *with a Number of Followers.* CALCAGNO, *meeting him with others.*

Calcagno.

Andreas has eſcaped.

Sacco.

Unwelcome tidings to Fieſco.

Calcagno.

Thoſe Germans fight like furies. They fix'd themſelves around the old man like rocks: I could not get a ſight of him. Nine of our men are done for: I myſelf was ſlightly wounded. Zounds! If they thus ſerve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard the princes of their country!

Sacco.

Numbers have flock'd already to our ſtandard, and all the gates are ours.

Calcagno.

They fight, I hear, ſtill ſharply at the citadel.

Sacco.

Bourgognino is amongſt them. Where is Verrina?

Calcagno.

He guards the paſſage between Genoa and the ſea.

Sacco.

I'll rouſe the ſuburbs—

Calcagno.

I'll march acroſs the ſquare of Sarzano—Drummer, ſtrike up! (*They march off, drums beating.*)

SCENE VII.

MOOR. *A Troop of Thieves, with lighted Matches.*

Moor.

Now, you raſcals, I'll be even with you. 'Twas I that cook'd this ſoup up for you, and you have driven me from the meſs. Well—I care not—We'll ſet about burning and plunder-

ing. Let thoſe fellows ſquabble for a Dukedom, we'll make a bonfire of the churches, to warm the ſilver beards of the apoſtles.

(*They diſperſe themſelves among the neighbouring houſes.*)

SCENE VIII.

BOURGOGNINO—BERTHA, *diſguiſed as a Boy.*

Bourgognino.

Reſt here, dear youth: thou art in ſafety. Doſt thou bleed?

Bertha.

(*In a feign'd voice*) No—Not at all.

Bourgognino.

(*With energy*) Riſe then, I'll lead thee where thou may'ſt gain wounds for Genoa—Wounds beautiful like this. (*Uncovering his arm.*)

Bertha.

(*Starting*) Heavens!

Bourgognino.

Art thou frighten'd, youth? Too early didſt thou put on the man. How old art thou?

Bertha.

Fifteen years.

Bourgognino.

That is unfortunate. For this night's buſineſs thou art five years too young. Who is thy father?

Bertha.

The trueſt citizen in Genoa.

Bourgognino.

Peace, boy! That name belongs alone to the father of my betrothed bride. Doſt thou know the houſe of Verrina?

Bertha.

I think ſo.

Bourgognino.

(*Eagerly*) And knoweſt thou his lovely daughter?

Bertha.

Her name is Bertha.

Bourgognino.

Go, quickly! Carry her this ring. Say it ſhall be our wedding-ring: and tell her, the blue creſt fights bravely. Now, farewell! I muſt haſten yonder—The danger is not over.

(*Some houſes are ſeen on fire.*)

Bertha.

(*In a ſoft voice*) Scipio!

Bourgognino.

(*Struck with aſtoniſhment*) By my ſword, I know that voice.

Bertha.

(*Falling about his neck*) Am I ſo well known, then?

Bourgognino.

Bertha! (*Alarm-bells ſound in the ſuburbs—a tumult*—BOURGOGNINO *and* BERTHA *embrace, and are loſt in the crowd*)

SCENE IX.

FIESCO, *and* ZIBO, *from different Sides. Attendants.*

Fieſco.

(*In great anger*) Who ſet fire to thoſe houſes?

Zibo.

The citadel is taken.

Fieſco.

Who ſet thoſe houſes on fire?

Zibo.

(*To the attendants*) Diſpatch a guard to apprehend the villains. (*Some ſoldiers go.*)

Fieſco.

Will they make me an incendiary? Haſten with engines! (*Attendants go*) But Gianettino is ſurely kill'd?

Zibo.

So they ſay.

Fieſco.

(*Wildly*) They ſay! Who ſay? Declare upon your honor, has he eſcaped?

Zibo.

(*Doubtfully*) If I may truſt my eyes againſt the aſſertion of a nobleman, Gianettino lives.

Fieſco.

(*Starting*) Zibo, your words diſtract me—

Zibo.

'Tis but eight minutes ſince I ſaw him in the crowd, dreſt in his ſcarlet cloak, and yellow creſt.

Fieſco.

(*Wildly*) Heaven and hell! Zibo! Bourgognino ſhall anſwer for it with his head. Haſten, Zibo! make faſt the barriers. Let all the veſſels be lock'd together, to hinder his eſcape by ſea. This diamond, Zibo—the richeſt in Genoa—This diamond ſhall reward the man who brings me tidings of Gianettino's death. (ZIBO *haſtens away*) Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.

FIESCO, SACCO. THE MOOR. *Soldiers.*

Sacco.

We found this Moor throwing a lighted match into the convent of the Jeſuits.

Fieſco.

Thy treachery was overlook'd, when it concerned myſelf alone: the halter awaits the incendiary. Take him away, and hang him at the church door.

Moor.

Plague on it—that's an aukward piece of buſineſs—Can't one perſuade you out of it?

Fieſco.

No.

Moor.

Send me for a trial to the gallies—

Fieſco.

(*Beckoning to the attendants*) To the gibbet.

Moor.

(*Impudently*) Then I'll turn Chriſtian.

Fieſco.

The church refuſes the dregs of infidelity.

Moor.

(*In an inſinuating manner*) At leaſt ſend me drunk into eternity—

Fieſco.

Sober.

Moor.

Don't hang me up, however, beſide a Chriſtian church.

Fieſco.

A man of honor keeps his word. I promis'd thee a gallows of thy own.

Sacco.

Let us not loſe time with this blackguard, we've buſineſs of more conſequence.

Moor.

But—ſtay—Perhaps the rope may break—

Fieſco.

(*To* SACCO) Let it be double.

Moor.

Well—If it muſt be ſo—The devil may make ready for my reception.

(*Soldiers lead him to execution.*)

SCENE XI.

FIESCO. LEONORA *appearing at a Diſtance in the ſcarlet Cloak of* GIANETTINO.

Fieſco.

(Perceiving her, ruſhes forward—then ſtops) Do I not know that creſt, and mantle? *(ruſhes on furiouſly)*—Yes; I know them. *(Runs her through with his ſword)* If thou haſt three lives, then riſe again—(LEONORA *falls with a hollow groan—The march of victory is heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys)*

SCENE XII.

FIESCO—CALCAGNO—SACCO—ZENTURIONE—ZIBO.

SOLDIERS *with Drums and Colours.*

Fieſco.

(Advancing toward them in triumph) Genoeſe, the die is caſt. Here lies the viper of my ſoul, the abhorred food of my reſentment. Lift high your ſwords—Gianettino is no more.

Calcagno.

And I come to inform you, that two thirds of

Genoa have declared for our party, and ſwear obedience to Fieſco's ſtandard.

Zibo.

By me Verrina ſends his greeting to you from the admiral's galley, with the dominion of the ſea.

Zenturione.

By me the governor of the city ſends his keys, and ſtaff of office.

Sacco.

And in me, (*kneeling*) the leſs and greater ſenate of the republic kneel down before their maſter, and ſupplicate for favor and protection.

Calcagno.

Let me be the firſt to welcome the illuſtrious conqueror within his walls— Bow your colours. Hail, Duke of Genoa!

All.

(*Taking off their hats*) Hail! Hail, Duke of Genoa!—*March of triumph*—FIESCO *ſtands the whole time with his head ſunk upon his breaſt, in a meditating poſture.*)

Calcagno.

The people and the ſenate wait to ſee their gracious ſovereign inveſted in the robes of dig-

nity. Great Duke, permit us to follow you in triumph to the ſenate-houſe.

Fieſco.

Firſt allow me to liſten to the dictates of my heart. I was obliged to leave a moſt dear perſon in anxious apprehenſion—A perſon who will ſhare with me the glory of this night. (*To the company*) Will you, my friends, attend me to your amiable Dutcheſs. (*going*)

Calcagno.

Shall this murderous villain lie here, and hide his infamy in obſcurity?

Zibo.

Let his mangled carcaſe ſweep the ſtreets—

(*They hold lights toward the body.*)

Calcagno.

(*Terrified, and in a low voice*) Look, Genoeſe! By heavens, this is not the face of Gianettino!

(*All look at the body*)

Fieſco.

(*Fixes his eyes upon it with an eager look, which he withdraws ſlowly—then with convulſive wildneſs exclaims*) No, ye devils!—That is not the face

of Gianettino — Malicious devils! (*rolling his eyes*) Genoa mine, ſay you? Mine? (*ruſhing forward with a dreadful ſhriek*) Mockery of hell! It is my wife. (*He ſinks to the ground in agony —The* CONSPIRATORS *ſtand around in groups, ſhuddering—A dead ſilence.*)

Fieſco.

(*Raiſing himſelf, exhauſted—in a faint voice*) Have I ſlain my wife, Genoeſe? I conjure you, look not ſo ghaſtly upon this illuſion! Heaven be praiſed, man has not to fear ſuch evils, becauſe he is but man. Infernal tortures cannot be his lot, who is incapable of godlike pleaſures. Genoeſe, can this be aught but a diſordered fancy? (*With a forced calmneſs*) Thank Heaven, it is no more.

SCENE XIII.

*The Former—*ARABELLA *enters weeping.*

Arabella.

Let them kill me! What have I more to loſe? Have pity on me, Genoeſe—'Twas here I left my deareſt miſtreſs, and no-where can I find her.

Fieſco.

(*Approaching her—with a low and trembling voice*) Was Leonora thy miſtreſs?

Arabella.

(*With pleaſure*) Are you there, my good Lord? Be not diſpleaſed with us. We could not reſtrain her.

Fieſco.

Reſtrain her! Wretch! From what?—

Arabella.

From following—

Fieſco.

From following what?

Arabella.

The tumult—

Fieſco.

What was her dreſs?

Arabella.

A ſcarlet mantle.

Fieſco.

(*In a tranſport of rage*) Get thee to the abyſs of hell!—The mantle?

Arabella.

Lay here upon the ground.

Some of the Conſpirators.

(Talking apart) 'Twas here that Gianettino was kill'd.

Fieſco.

(Ready to faint—To ARABELLA) Thy miſtreſs is found *(*ARABELLA *advances anxiouſly—*FIESCO *caſts his eyes round the whole circle—then with a faltering voice)* 'Tis true—'Tis true—And I am the inſtrument of this horrid crime—*(Madly)* Away with ye, countenances of men! *(To the others that ſtand around trembling)* See, how they ſtand there, a miſerable race! meanly rejoicing, that they are not like me. I alone feel the blow. *(wildly)* I!—why I?—Why not theſe together with me? Why is not my ſorrow lighten'd by being ſhared with others?

Calcagno.

(Timidly) Moſt gracious Duke!

Fieſco.

(Advances toward him with a look of horrid joy) Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be thank'd, is one whom the ſame thunderbolt has ſtruck—*(preſſing* CALCAGNO *furiouſly in his arms)* Brother of my ſorrows! Come, and ſhare their keeneſt pang. She's dead—Did'ſt not thou alſo love

her? (*forcing him toward the dead body*) Deſpair! She's dead—(*Fixing his eyes earneſtly on one part of the ſtage*)—Oh, that I could ſtand upon the brink of the infernal gulph, and view below all hell's variety of torments! Could hear the horrid ſhrieks of howling fiends!—Let my own torture be placed before me in a viſible form, and I perhaps may bear it. (*Approaching to the body, trembling*) Here lies my murdered wife—Nay—Nay—The wife that I myſelf have murdered—Ha! Hell itſelf will ſhudder at this deed. I was allured up to the topmoſt pinnacle of joy—To the very entrance of Heaven—Then—In an inſtant down—Then—Peſtilence upon it!—Then, I murdered my beloved wife—Fool that I was to truſt two erring eyes! O fiends, this is your maſter-piece of torture!

(*All the* CONSPIRATORS *lean upon their ſwords, much afflicted—A pauſe—*)

Fieſco.

(*Exhauſted, and looking mournfully round the circle*) Yes, by heavens! They who dared to lift their ſwords againſt their Prince, ſhed tears. (*With dejection*) Speak! Do you weep over this havock cauſed by treacherous death, or over the fall of your commander's ſpirit? (*Turning toward the dead body, in an affecting poſture*) The iron-hearted warriors were melted into tears; but

Fieſco uttered the execrations of deſpair. (*Kneels down, weeping, by her ſide*) Pardon me, Leonora! The decrees of Heaven are unchangeable: they yield not to mortal anger. (*With a melancholy tenderneſs*) O Leonora, years ago my fancy painted that triumphant hour, when I ſhould preſent thee to Genoa as her Dutcheſs—Methought I ſaw the lovely bluſh that tinged thy modeſt cheek—The timid heaving of thy beauteous boſom beneath the ſnowy gauze—I heard the gentle murmurs of thy voice which died away in rapture.—(*More lively*) Ah, how intoxicating to my ſoul were the proud acclamations of the people! How did my love rejoice to ſee its triumph mark'd in the ſinking envy of its rivals!—Leonora! The hour which ſhould confirm theſe hopes is come. Thy Fieſco is Duke of Genoa—And yet the meaneſt beggar would not exchange his poverty for my greatneſs, and my ſufferings. (*More affected*) He has a wife to ſhare his troubles—With whom can I ſhare my ſplendor? (*he weeps bitterly, and hides his face againſt the dead body—Compaſſion marked upon the countenances of all.*)

Calcagno.

She was a lady of moſt virtuous excellence.

Zibo.

This event muſt be concealed from the peo-

ple. 'Twould damp the ardour of our party, and elevate the enemy with hope.

Fieſco.

(*Riſes, collected and firm*) Now, hear me, Genoeſe! Providence, if rightly I interpret its deſigns, has ſtruck me with this wound, to try my heart for my approaching greatneſs. The blow was terrible.—Since I have felt it; I fear neither torture, nor pleaſure.—Come! Genoa, you ſay, awaits me—I will give to Genoa a Prince more truly great than Europe ever ſaw. Away!—for this unhappy Princeſs I will prepare a funeral ſo ſplendid, that life ſhall loſe its charms, and cold corruption ſhall glitter like a bride. Follow your Duke!—

[*Exeunt, with muſic and colours.*

SCENE XIV.

ANDREAS—LOMELLINO.

Andreas.

Yonder they go, with ſhouts of exultation.

Lomellino.

They are intoxicated with ſucceſs. The gates are deſerted, and all are haſtening toward the ſenate-houſe.

Andreas.

It was my nephew only that could check that unruly animal, the populace. My nephew is no more. Hear, Lomellino!

Lomellino.

What, Duke, do you ſtill cheriſh hopes?

Andreas.

(*Earneſtly*) Villain, thou mock'ſt me with the name of Duke, when all my hopes are paſt.

Lomellino.

My gracious Lord, a rebellious nation lies in Fieſco's ſcale; but what in yours?

Andreas.

(*With dignity and animation*) Heaven.

Lomellino.

(*Shrugging up his ſhoulders*) The times are paſt, my Lord, when armies fought under the guidance of celeſtial leaders.

Andreas.

Wretch, that thou art! Wouldſt thou bereave an aged head of its ſupport, its God! (*In an earneſt and commanding tone*) Go! Make it known through Genoa, that Andreas Doria is ſtill alive. Say that Andreas intreats the citizens, his chil-

dren, not to drive him out, in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne'er would pardon the exalted ſtate to which he rais'd his country. Say this—And further ſay, Andreas begs but ſo much ground within his country, as may contain his bones.

Lomellino.

I obey—But I deſpair of ſucceſs. (*going*)

Andreas.

Stay—Take with thee this ſnowy lock, and ſay, it was the laſt upon my head—Say that I tore it from me on that night, when ungrateful Genoa tore itſelf from my heart—For fourſcore years it hung upon my temples, and now has left my bald head chill'd with the winter of age—The lock is brittle, but 'twill ſuffice to faſten the purple on that young uſurper.—(*Exit*—LOMELLINO *haſtens into another ſtreet—Shouts are heard, with trumpets, and drums.*)

SCENE XV.

VERRINA (*coming from the Harbour*)—BERTHA *and* BOURGOGNINO.

Verrina.

What mean thoſe ſhouts?

Bourgognino.

They proclaim Fieſco Duke.

Bertha.

(*Timidly to* BOURGOGNINO)—Scipio! My father's looks are dreadful—

Verrina.

Leave me alone, my children—O Genoa! Genoa!

Bourgognino.

The populace adores him, and with tranſports hail'd him their Duke—The nobles look'd on with horror, but dared not oppoſe it.

Verrina.

My ſon, I have ſold all my property, and ſent the gold on board thy veſſel. Take thy wife with thee, and ſet ſail immediately. Perhaps I ſoon ſhall follow—Perhaps—But no more.—Haſten to Marſeilles, and—(*embracing them mournfully and with energy*)—May the Almighty guide you! (*Exit haſtily.*)

Bertha.

For Heaven's ſake, on what dreadful project does my father brood?

Bourgognino.

Didſt thou underſtand thy father?

Bertha.

He bade us fly.—Great God! Fly on the day of marriage!

Bourgognino.

He ſpoke it, and we muſt obey.

[*Exeunt toward the harbour.*

SCENE XVI.

VERRINA, *and* FIESCO (*in the Ducal Habit*) *meeting.*

Fieſco.

Welcome, Verrina! I was anxious to meet thee.

Verrina.

I alſo ſought Fieſco.

Fieſco.

Does Verrina perceive no alteration in his friend?

Verrina.

(*With reſerve*) I wiſh for none.

Fieſco.

But do you ſee none?

Verrina.

(*Without looking at him*) I ſhould hope not.

Fieſco.

I aſk, do you perceive none?

Verrina.

(*After a ſlight glance*) None.

Fieſco.

See then, how idle is the obſervation, that power makes a Tyrant. Since we parted, I am become the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina (*preſſing him to his boſom*) finds my embrace ſtill glowing as before.

Verrina.

I grieve that I muſt return it coldly. The ſight of majeſty falls like a keen-edged weapon, cutting off all affection, between the Duke and me. To John Louis Fieſco belong'd the territory of my heart. Now he has conquered Genoa, I reſume that poor poſſeſſion.

Fieſco.

(*With aſtoniſhment*) Forbid it, Heaven! That price is too enormous even for a Dukedom.

Verrina.

(*Muttering*) Hum! The worth of liberty is ſurely little known, when the whole ſtate is thus eaſily yielded up to an uſurper!

Fieſco.

(*Bites his lips*) Verrina, ſay this to no one, but to Fieſco.

Verrina.

O wondrous! Great indeed is that mind, which can hear the voice of truth without being offended—Alas! The cunning gameſter has fail'd in one ſingle card. He calculated all the chances of envious oppoſition, but overlook'd one antagoniſt, the *Patriot*—(*very ſignificantly*) And yet perhaps to crown the game, one glorious turn remains, and the oppreſſor of liberty may ſhew his ſkill in overwhelming Roman virtue. I ſwear it by the living God, poſterity ſhall ſooner collect my mouldering bones from off the wheel, than from a ſepulchre within that country which is govern'd by a Duke.

Fieſco.

(*Taking him tenderly by the hand*) Not even when thy brother is the Duke?—Not if he ſhould make his principality the treaſury of that benevolence, which was reſtrain'd by his domeſtic poverty?

Verrina.

No—Not even then—We pardon not the robber becauſe he gave away his plunder; nor is it ſuch generoſity that ſuits Verrina. I might

receive a benefit from my fellow-citizen, for, I ſhould hope, that to my fellow-citizen I might at ſome time make an adequate return. That which a Prince confers is bounty; but mere unpurchaſed bounty I would receive from God alone.

Fieſco.

It were as eaſy to tear Italy from the boſom of the ocean, as to ſhake this ſtubborn fellow from his prejudices.

Verrina.

Well may'ſt thou talk of tearing: thou haſt torn the republic from Doria, as a lamb from the jaws of the wolf, only that thou mighteſt devour it thyſelf—But enough of this—Tell me, Duke, what crime the poor wretch committed, that you ordered to be hung up at the Church of the Jeſuits?

Fieſco.

The ſcoundrel ſet fire to the city.

Verrina.

Yet the ſcoundrel left the laws untouch'd.

Fieſco.

Verrina intrudes upon my friendſhip.

Verrina.

Away with friendſhip!—I tell thee I no longer

love thee. I ſwear to thee that I hate thee—hate thee like the ſerpent of Paradiſe that firſt diſturb'd the happineſs of creation, and brought upon mankind unbounded ſorrow. Hear me, Fieſco! I ſpeak to thee, not as a ſubject to his maſter, not as a friend to his friend; but as man to man—(*With ſharpneſs and vehemence*) Thou haſt committed a crime againſt the majeſty of the eternal God, in permitting virtue to lead thy hands to wickedneſs, and in ſuffering the patriots of Genoa to violate their country.—Fieſco, had thy villainy deceived me alſo—Fieſco, by all the horrors of eternity! with my own hands I would have ſtrangled myſelf, and on thy head the venom of my departing ſoul ſhould have been ſprinkled.—A princely crime may cruſh the ſcales of human juſtice; but thou haſt inſulted Heaven, and the laſt judgment will decide the cauſe.

(FIESCO *remains ſpeechleſs, looking at him with aſtoniſhment.*)

Verrina.

Do not attempt to anſwer me. Now we have done. (*After walking ſeveral times up and down*) Duke of Genoa, in the veſſels of the yeſterday's tyrant, I have ſeen a miſerable race, who, at every ſtroke of their oars, ruminate upon their former guilt, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A

good prince begins his reign with acts of pity. Wilt thou release the galley-slaves?

Fiesco.

(*Sharply*) Let the be the first-fruits of my tyranny. Go, and announce to them their deliverance.

Verrina.

You will enjoy but half the pleasure, unless you see their happiness. Go thither. The great are seldom witnesses of the evils which they cause. Shall they do good by stealth, and in obscurity? Methinks the Duke is not too great to sympathize with a beggar.

Fiesco.

Man, thou art dreadful; yet I know not why, I must follow thee. (*Both go toward the sea.*)

Verrina.

(*Stops, much affected*) But once more embrace me, Fiesco. Here is no one by, to see Verrina weep, or to behold a Prince give way to feeling—(*he embraces him eagerly*) Surely never beat two greater hearts together (*weeping much on* Fiesco's *neck*) Fiesco! Fiesco! You make a void in my heart, which not mankind thrice numbered could fill up.

Fiesco.

(*Much affected*) Be still my friend.

Verrina.

Throw off this hateful purple, and I will be ſo—The firſt Prince was a murderer, and aſſumed the purple to hide the bloody ſtains of ſome deteſted deed. Hear me, Fieſco! I am a warrior, little uſed to weeping—Fieſco, theſe are my firſt tears—Throw off this purple!

Fieſco.

Peace!

Verrina.

(*More vehemently*) Fieſco, place on the one ſide all the honors of this globe, and on the other all its tortures: they ſhould not make me kneel before a mortal—Fieſco, (*falling on his knee*) this is the firſt bending of my knee—Throw off this purple!

Fieſco.

Riſe, and no longer irritate me!

Verrina.

(*In a determined tone*) I riſe, and will no longer irritate thee. (*They ſtand near a board leading to a galley*)

Verrina.

The Prince goes firſt.

Fieſco.

Why do you pull my cloak? It falls—

Verrina.

(*With violent ſarcaſm*) If the purple falls, the Duke muſt after it. (*He throws him into the ſea.*)

Fieſco.

(*Calls out of the waves*) Help, Genoa! Help! Help thy Duke! (*ſinks.*)

SCENE XVII.

CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE—CONSPIRATORS. *People,* (*entering in haſte, alarmed.*)

Calcagno.

(*Crying out*) Fieſco! Fieſco! Andreas is returned—Half Genoa joins Andreas—Where is Fieſco?

Verrina.

(*In a firm tone*) Drown'd.

Zenturione.

Does hell or madneſs prompt thy anſwer?

Verrina.

Dead—if that ſound better.—I go to join Andreas.

(*The* CONSPIRATORS *ſtand in Groups, aſtoniſh'd. The Curtain falls.*)

THE END.